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When the Shooting Is Over in the Pacific

By Upton Close

This article and "The End of Nationalism" by Christian Gauss which follows it are two approaches to the problems causing tension in the modern world. Although the points of view differ the articles themselves are peculiarly complementary.

From America's viewpoint the following things are wrong with the picture in the Pacific:

Japanese armies occupy territory, guaranteed by treaty to be part of Chinese sovereignty, three times as large in area as the Japanese Empire proper. In defiance of world opinion expressed by its newly constituted organ, the League of Nations, but apparently with left-handed encouragement from certain governments and interests, Japanese armies still press on.

Chinese resistance, still inspired by America's proximity and position, continues. The Japanese fleet cruises under special emergency orders from the Emperor, awaiting a 50-per-cent augmentation in fighting power from the appropriation passed by standing vote of the recent Diet. This vote was unanimous, no Japanese M.P. caring to take the risk to his life involved in remaining on his seat. The entire American navy with the exception of three vessels cruises in the Pacific this side of Hawaii. It has just completed the most thorough manœuvres of American naval history and relies upon the billion-dollar building program promised by new Secretary of the Navy Claude Swanson to bring it up to the fighting strength of its Japanese rival. Japanese naval experts discuss whether Japan's present potential superiority in naval fighting power calls for immediate action. A Japanese naval spokesman says: "The time to strike is while the iron is hot."

The only available military force adequate to give pause to Japan's army on the mainland is the 200,000 troops and 500 airplanes of Soviet Russia on the northern border of Manchuria. For contributing to the safeguarding of traditional American policy on the Pacific, Russia exacts the price of American recognition. It becomes obvious that the only world lineup which can effectively check Japan must be one led, or forced, by Russia and America.

In Japan the military burden presses harder and harder. Although a financial paralysis such as has swept America has been averted through complete central control, it appears very doubtful as to who will buy the new bond issues of Japan's unbalanced budget. Several thousand communists are in jail; the police are burdened watching thousands more. A sensing of the disapproval and hostility of the world induces a creeping fear. A bold stroke to heighten morale is needed. On the other hand renewed hope of financing from France rises, as that country, disappointed in Europe, turns again toward far adventures.

Evidence that the Anglo-Japanese alliance, though outwardly cancelled, is to some degree secretly in effect appears through the actions of the British Foreign Office. America is left in an exposed position in blocking Japan. It becomes more obvious that European powers would like Japan to grow strong enough to checkmate

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America as effectively as she checkmated Russia in 1904–5.

Japan announces her intention to keep the three groups of mandated islands: the Carolines, Marshalls, and Ladrones, seized by her from Germany but legally placed in her care by the League of Nations. These islands lie on a 3000-mile axis squarely between the American possessions of the Hawaiian Islands on the east, Pago-Pago or American Samoa on the south, and the Philippines on the west. To the north lies the Japanese naval outpost of the Bonin Islands. To keep the mandated islands in defiance of world opinion implies fortifying them and to fortify them—a thing actually begun—is direct violation of both Japan's trust from the League of Nations and her Naval Limitation Treaty with the United States. America must reply by resumption of the fortification of Pearl Harbor, Midway Islands, Pago-Pago, and our bases in the Philippines. A logical step is the establishment at Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians of an air base within striking distance of Japan. Without these counter-developments the position of the United States in the far Pacific becomes absolutely untenable. The only alternative is its complete abandonment.

UNITED STATES THE VANGUARD

Three realities make developments in the Pacific inexorable. These realities are:

(1) The essential conflict between traditional American policy and Japanese development under pressure of the world industrial-economic system. This conflict is made more unescapable by the leading traits of both American and Japanese psychology.

(2) The fact that the only manner of escape from this conflict for Japan—giving her a measure of economic security without putting her in basic clash with this nation—lies in her ultimate alliance with Russia, presumably under some variation of the Marxian system.

(3) The Renaissance of Asia, the factor more far-reaching than the clash of interests between Japan and America, which plays upon it like a compelling wind upon battling navies and which must survive it. That revolt and rise to material equality of the pigmented peoples of the greatest continent is accomplished through adoption of the white man's machines, technique for organization, and mass education to overthrow his hegemony. It is as certain to achieve its end as was the Renaissance in Europe to doom the Holy Roman Empire and the spread of Islam. It has brought the Pacific Era of world history definitely upon us. Events of world-shaping import will take place henceforth on the Pacific. The United States thus becomes the vanguard nation of the white race and upon America's determination, ambition, or acquiescence depends its prestige. Great Britain held this delicate position for one and a half centuries; now it is transferred to us.

I shall elaborate below. First let me set the tone of this article. Let us lay aside sympathy for the Chinese, apologia for the Japanese, indignation against the military mind, and the pussyfooting of statesmen. We will here take an objective view of developments, as if we were historians of some ancient epoch or reporters from Mars. In this way alone, I think, can we get a rational basis for returning to those considerations dear to us and which quite rightly agitate us.

Any one with a knowledge of background and clear eyes can see the reefs which give direction to the powerful currents sweeping through Pacific affairs. The forces giving motion to these currents are as unchangeable as history and national psychologies. We can foresee the results as certainly as chains of logic are ever certain in human affairs. All the logic, both the straightforward progress of events and of the "ifs," points to an eventual unity, after the shooting is over, of all Pacific Asia and Russia.

Take up now the first of the realities listed above. My fellow Americans continually ask in surprise why Japan's "coming of age" in her own particular fashion must involve us—provided we are willing to drop any sentimental considerations and idealism that might lead to trouble for us. The question evidences the general unawareness of Americans of the traditional policy of their own government. Clash in the Pacific, in the popular American mind, is associated only with the fantastic Hearstian Sunday Supplement Japanese attack on the coast of California. Although this intrigues Americans, they cannot believe that the most fanatical Japanese war party could actually be so wanton. All the considerations making for war which have nothing to do with Japan's "coming over to take us" are unknown to them. Thus they overlook the pressures which are counterparts of those which brought America into war with Germany, or, a truer parallel, Great Britain into war with Germany.

American policy in the Pacific, baldly stated, is that this nation has never been willing to permit a third nation to dominate the man-power and resources of China. It springs from the basic instinct of self-preservation. Supporting it is, first, what the Orientals would call "face"—the prestige of the Stars and Stripes, the feeling deeply ingrained by habit and history that the Pacific is for the most part our ocean. Unconscious as Americans are of the forces and habits shaping their destiny they nevertheless would find it as hard to give up their national pre-eminence on the Pacific as the British would to be rudely robbed of their belief that Britannia rules the waves. Second is the American resentment against restraint in commercial and cultural

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adventures: expressed in the diplomatic phraseology of the "Open Door." Added to these, actually least powerful but to be taken into account, is the sordid business of markets. It actuates the small but, hitherto at least, influential manufacturing and wholesaling group.

America has two, and only two, traditional foreign policies. These, be it noted, have never varied or lapsed, from the moment when events brought them into being to now. One is the Monroe Doctrine. The other is the above-outlined policy toward the Pacific. Our Pacific policy has never been front-paged or romanticized as has the Monroe Doctrine, and it is not so prominent in the American mind. But it is just as definitely set in that mind.

CAN WE CHANGE OUR POLICY?

The difficulty of changing a foreign policy of a century's standing, especially in a democracy, was shown at the recent change of administration. The Stimson policy of opposing Japan had been most roundly criticized by idealists who had begun by advocating national unofficial boycott of Japan, such as President Lowell of Harvard, and by realistic writers like George Sokolsky and Nathaniel Pfeffer. The Stimson policy had not particularly impressed Franklin Roosevelt and the incoming coterie as brilliant, and yet when these men, facing imminent responsibility, sat down to study the situation, they found, in the words of a non-partisan State Department official, that "there was nothing else to do but go on with it—that not a single academician, authority on foreign affairs, or politician could suggest an alternative." These men had suddenly come face to face with America's traditional policy. It was too big for them. They were not equipped to undertake its reversal. It is not subject, they found, to modification—save in the direction of more positive enforcement. This, I predict, is the direction in which the Roosevelt administration must move. This is the direction of Claude Swanson's billion-dollar navy, and of recognition of and understanding with Soviet Russia.

Made aware of this by the Roosevelt-Stimson harmony, the League of Nations suddenly simulated a backbone, abandoned its mollycoddling and outlawed Japan. The Japanese had brought home to them what their thinking expansionists always knew: that the United States of America is their key obstacle.

Let us examine a little more historically the structure of this American attitude that apparently only national defeat could change. Following the Russian episode came the period when Britannia well-nigh owned the Pacific. Commodore Perry, cruising about its waters for two years with the most powerful fleet that had ever assembled in this ocean—in the course of which he forced Japan into the "comity of nations" and onto the pathway of her present progress—vigorously opposed the British claim to the Bonins, lying between the Sandwich Islands and Japan. He was the cause of throwing them eventually to Japan. When Yankee communities and captains in China waters itched to join the British in 1842 and the British-French coalition in 1860 in attacking China, they were restrained point-blank by the Washington government. In 1894 and 1895 the American Government was keenly interested in the preservation of China's integrity, although frankly admiring Japan's victory, and looked on with equanimity as Russia and France forced her to disgorge her takings in Manchuria.

Also, be it noted, it looked on with equanimity as Russia, financed by France, in turn swallowed those takings. We have never felt that the encroachment upon China from the mainland would imply the challenge to us in the Pacific implied in its domination by a sea-power—Great Britain or, above all, Japan. Yet, in his benevolent intervention in the Russo-Japanese struggle, Theodore Roosevelt preferred a peace without decisive victory which would leave China intact.

The nibblings of the European Powers and Russia at the coast line of China, following the Sino-Japanese War, brought forth the first phraseology of the American traditional attitude. It was our answer to the Anglo-Japanese alliance which looked forward to Japan's taking the place of Russia in the north, while Great Britain, throwing a sop to France, was to swallow the Yangtse Valley. Theodore Roosevelt, with his traditional vigor, backed this "initial interference," and his secretary, John Hay, coining the phrase "Open Door," procured the adherence of a Japan whose wings were not yet dry enough for a flight alongside mighty Britain. Mutual jealousy forced Britain and the Powers to fall in line. As far back as 1860 America had vitiated European treaty concessions forced from China by inventing "most-favored nation" rights. The time-serving Chinese mandarins readily caught the idea and granted us a place in the army of Western aggressors through which we could hold back the whole movement. It was the same Roosevelt who in 1907 demonstrated America's willingness to enforce her policy of prestige on the Pacific by sending our entire battle fleet under Admiral Bob Evans with sealed orders in the direction of Japan. When the Japanese "became reasonable" it was announced that the fleet was on a grand tour of the world and veered to Australia. Will another Roosevelt, despite moratoriums and the menace of let-down from Europe, follow historic precedent by sending the new billion-dollar navy in the same direction?

The steps toward making America's policy on the Pacific into formal contractual obligations were swift and certain. During the World War the military clique

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in Japan took the saddle and tried desperately both to establish Japanese hegemony on the mainland and in the Pacific by force and to undercut America's traditional policy by diplomacy. The nearest they ever came to success—and the only time American official attitude ever vacillated—was the occasion when the suave Viscount Ishii, during the days of Wilson's breakdown, effected an exchange of letters with Secretary Lansing, noting Japan's special interests in Manchuria. American reaction to this *coup* was its blunt repudiation within six months. Now the Japanese are sending Ishii back to America to rebuild confidence between the two nations. He is a very faint last yellow hope.

I happen to have been one of the private citizens in China asked privately to explain to the Chinese gentry just why their disrupted nation should accede to Wilson's call to join the war to help make the world safe for democracy. China's entrance upon belligerent status was to have enabled President Wilson to incorporate in the ultimate treaty of peace America's policy guaranteeing China's integrity and to have insisted upon the return of the province of Shantung, into which the Japanese had fastened their talons. At Versailles Japan "finessed" with the resolution declaring racial equality, framed by the courageous and eccentric little Japanese statesman, Yukio Ozaki. She ultimately threatened to walk out of the organizational convention of the League of Nations, so Wilson let her off with a verbal promise which the military, dominant in Japan at that time, never expected seriously to be called upon to fulfill. In an effort to counterbalance his weakness at Versailles Wilson sent an American expedition alongside of the Japanese into Siberia. The Japanese pushed in 75,000 men instead of the agreed ten, and benefited in the end by several million dollars' worth of war supplies shipped to Vladivostok by the American White Father. But the Japanese force was swept out before the Bolshevik advance. The military clique temporarily lost public support in Japan, and Hughes, Harding, and Balfour were able to persuade the interim civilian government to sign up *in toto* to the American conception of the way things should be in the Pacific.

POSSIBLE CAUSES FOR THE EXPLOSION

Today the military mind in Japan, which resented the subscribing of its government to our picture of the Pacific so keenly that it murdered two premiers and a financier and tried to kill a signing admiral, is back in the saddle.

There is no method of compromise between this course and America's historic position. On Japan's side the diplomatic pressures of policy are even more apt to be the impulse behind the first lunge than immediate military considerations. It is necessary to make the new conquests pay. This cannot be done—it is doubtful if they can even be held—without finance from abroad. Willing French money has been frightened away first by America's position, which in turn became the League's position, against diplomatic recognition of Japan's new creations; secondly, by China's bitter boycott and guerrilla resistance. This Chinese resistance is heartened by American sympathy and encouragement.

In Japan the whole nervous fabric of officialdom clique and press is alive to this situation. In America it is generally sensed, but it is actually considered only by men in the sub-Department of State directly concerned with it, in the navy, and to a slight extent in the army. A telling blow to American prestige in the far Pacific which we could not soon avenge might solve Japan's immediate perplexity. Any one of several actions might be sufficient: the expulsion of American consuls from Manchukuo, which we refuse to recognize, or the total disruption of the American communities in Tientsin and Peiping, the ending of American ability to fulfill treaty obligations on the railway from Peiping to the sea, for the keeping open of which our 15th Infantry is stationed at Tientsin, or the pushing out of this force, whose only effectiveness is in the nature of an intervening check. Or if the Japanese navy is given license to grab its share of glory, or General Araki's clique progresses into a sufficiently desperate situation to prefer going down in a blaze of glory to failing in dishonor, it might take the form of sudden seizure of the Philippine Islands. This, on War College paper, could be done in eighteen hours.

No one conversant with Japanese history expects such a leap to be preceded by a formal declaration of war. Japan's practical reasons for delivering a reeling blow to America in the west Pacific today—provided she were convinced that we could not "come back" for many months—are quite as great as those for using similar tactics on Russia without declaration in 1904. We are more in the way of her successful absorption of mainland territory now than was Russia then, and the urgency and irritation are greater today. Japan charges our State Department with having created a complete, if none too solid, international lineup against her. Would this line crack if actual war broke out on the Pacific and European nations faced the opportunity of staying out and taking the profits, exacting total remission of World War debts, or realizing other alluring possibilities? And how quickly "static" would overwhelm the Geneva-State Department telepathy! The economic back-yardism and high-tariff regionalism into which the industrial nations, led by the United States, have plunged since the Great War have made an increasingly worse world for Japan to exist in. From the time of Commodore Perry's force-backed visit in 1853 to now this country has always been in the unenviable

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position of mentor to Japan in international ethics. The direction in which we have led her, industrially and culturally, has increasingly placed her under pressure to violate those ethics.

There is only one way out for Japan other than the breaking down of America's policy which prevents her from making a vassal of China and appropriating Chinese territory. This is close economic union with her other great undeveloped hinterland, Siberia. Hence the fateful logic of a remark made to me recently by a Japanese railway executive: "If our military win, the whole Pacific is ours; if they lose, communist revolution must follow and we become part of the Soviet Union. That perhaps is the ultimate solution to our economic isolation. All the loss of blood and treasure considered, either eventuality is better than the present strangulation."

CAN RUSSIA AND JAPAN UNITE?

This brings up the vision of what a combination of Japanese meticulousness and industrial ability with Russian resources and hardihood could accomplish. At first gasp it would seem impossible that Moscow could admit into its body economic such a numerous and homogeneous racial group, or that the Japanese would modify nationalism sufficiently to become part of a greater system. Yet the more one studies them the more possible these things appear. Already there are enough Japanese who have changed their belief in the infallibility of the Son of Heaven to belief in the infallibility of Marx and transferred their "obedience unto death" to Moscow, to show that the thing can be done. In fanatic idealism, rigid discipline, stern training, and a complete freedom from the basic Anglo-Saxon conceptions of sacredness of property and individual rights, Japanese are the world's ideal populace for the Marxian experiment. Until the recent seizure of Manchuria, Moscow was turning eagerly to Japan for technical assistance. Russia is a congeries of races. She contains much Tatar stock. Racial differences do not perturb her. If the Soviet Union can embrace the Moslem republic of the Caucasus, the Tatar republic of Kazan and the Mongol confederacy of Outer Mongolia, it should have no difficulty in embracing a converted Nippon.

Sovietized Japan and Russia would most certainly draw China into the circle. However, China, with her millennium-established drift to individualism, would always be a backsliding convert—more of a drag than a spur.

Would such a solid Pacific Asia be inimical to the still somewhat unregenerately capitalistic United States of America? Probably not. With Japan's face turned toward the continent in friendly alliance and with all of Russia and China into which commissars could draft her talented sons, the Japanese would probably be willing to leave the Pacific Ocean to America for at least a century. By that time, who knows, we might be part of the same super-state! A few more bank moratoria here and a few more breakdowns of Five-Year Plans in Russia and people on both sides will begin to realize that in speaking of either the capitalism or communism of the future they are speaking of evolutionary products not yet envisioned, which may be vastly different from, and possibly much nearer together than, the systems which go by those names now.

Bigger and in the end more historical than the variable breezes of communist and capitalist ideology is the steady current of the Renaissance of Asia. All of Asia, not merely Japan, will proceed with Western technique and organizational evolution—probably suffering in greater or lesser degree all the stages of machinitis. Already nationalism is the fetish, tariffs for building home industry is the watchword in China, Siam, India, Turkey—as well as Japan. Scientific armies will be drilled, proud navies launched in sea and air across the continent of Asia. Handicraft and agricultural civilization will be well-nigh destroyed by mass production. Economic feudal chiefs will succeed the bandit overlords, tyranny and inequality will exist in the name of democracy and prosperity. In this great development Russia is truly Asiatic. Russia, Japan, and Turkey today are battling off the inferiority complex of peoples who suddenly found how *outre* they were without machines, skyscrapers, and gas bombs. Asian nations, too, will get a stomach-ache on these things and perhaps will then learn to apply the new technology to human happiness. When enough blood has reddened its waters, the Pacific, we may hope, will become a very friendly place.

Immediately there are the following alternatives for America:

(1) To continue with our traditional policy.

(2) To abandon that policy and retreat out of the Pacific.

Continuation of (1) with the slightest intelligence at all involves prompt aligning of Soviet Russia in the cause of checking Japan. Russia is receptive. She demands something out of this situation and prefers it from us, but if not she will get it from Japan, and we will be in worse position than ever, for after all a war between Japan and the United States might be regarded as the last touch needed to put the finish to the capitalist world. Yet Russia prefers relations with us —just our good luck.

Australia, New Zealand and Canada are certain to cheer on whole-heartedly our opposition to Japan's retention of the mandated islands. We may see a demand from Germany for their return—supported in strange quarters. England's interest will be to sit on the fence and collect the profits, and hope that neither antagonist

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becomes supreme in the Pacific. Plausibly, a rift may split the British Empire wide open. Given enough of Sir John Simon, this would be certain!

The potentialities of the United States, eventually organized, would decide the conflict. If Japan finds allies it might be long and bitter. America might be turned into an imperial-minded nation and embark upon *her* century of world empire. There would be no pathway for the defeated Japan, save through revolution to Russia. I am assuming that the fabric of this country would stand up. I believe it would—particularly through war prosperity.

Suppose we do the unprecedented thing—retreat and give Japan a free hand? Our name and the prestige of the white West would become thoroughly "paper tiger" in Asia. The result would be much the same in the end. The Japanese imperialists would go on with such ruthlessness and arrogance that an insult or injury, which we could not by any stretch of the imagination with self-respect endure, would occur. The nation, it is well to remember, has an unsettled score with us on the immigration affront—which is the opposite of forgotten. Then there would be war anyhow, with our opponents entrenched and strengthened in the interim. If we won, and Japan would lose her new empire, again her only future would be Bolshevik revolution and alliance with Russia.

This is what Secretary Haas, of the Lytton Commission, was thinking when he confessed as we paused at Toronto (I think I may now tell): "I am believing in a League solution. That is of course my function. In my heart, the picture I see is a solid, Soviet Pacific Asia in ten years. You Americans cannot appreciate how Europeans view this."

The End of Nationalism

By Christian Gauss

Nationalism has failed because contrary to the forces of the modern world. A union of nations of similar culture and level of civilization is the next necessary move.

Every one admits that the substitution of the Marxist dictatorship of the proletariat for the Holy Russia of the Czars has been the most significant phenomenon in modern history. Ever since the Revolution of 1917 it has focussed the interest of European and American observers so exclusively that it has blinded them to other cultural but less immediately political movements which, if they continue to gather strength and volume, may beget changes fully as significant, not only in the life but in the geography of Europe. We Americans may conceivably be involved in these changes and the United States may be called upon in five years or ten or twenty, to make choices for which we should even now be preparing.

In England, Germany, France, and the United States political parties range from nationalistic conservative capitalism on the right to extremes of international communism on the left. The new development is something quite independent of old parties, of any such shifts from right to left or from left to right. In general, it is neither Junker nor Communist. If we dot his i's and cross his t's, we may imagine a European believer in the new dispensation expressing himself as follows: Nationalism for each of us has fulfilled its cultural mission. For the Englishman, the German, the Frenchman, it can accomplish nothing further. Henceforth it can beget only sterile destructive conflicts and final catastrophe. If we are to realize the richest life open to the modern man, we can no longer be merely Englishmen or Germans or Frenchmen.

If the aim of the late French minister, Briand, to create a United States of Europe was an attempt in the field of politics to escape from this difficulty, it should be said that neither the United States of Europe nor the League of Nations is regarded as an effective solution. Western Europeans feel no need of closer association with the Bulgarian, the Turk, or even the Russian. We Americans too are closer to the Englishman, the German, the Frenchman, than to the Bulgarian, the Turk, or the Russian, and it may very well be that in spite of our foreshortened history, if nationalism has fulfilled its mission for them it is likely that it has fulfilled its mission for us as well.

II

The great paradox of the twentieth century was that we should ever have dreamed that we could settle the *World* War on a *nationalistic* basis. That is why the Peace of Versailles has proved itself within fifteen years

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spiritually more disastrous than the war. Millions of men died in the war, but they died for ideals in which they and their families still believed and that, as this world goes, is not a supremely tragic fate. The Peace seems to be proving that those ideals were illusory and contradictory; and it is this that gives so tragically ironic a character to our era. This is so true that on all sides, even by the young men in the Oxford Union, we hear it said that in no possible war between any two of the surviving great nations would it ever again be worth while for any man to die.

Wars can only advance civilization at junctures where two conditions are met; there must really be an issue at stake, a clash of ideals, and the victory must be in line with the cultural impulsion of the times.

America has been fortunate in this respect in all her wars but the last. The Revolution was fought in the interest of independence, of economic nationalism, at the beginning of the period when economic nationalism was to be most advantageous. The War of 1812 was fought to maintain that principle threatened by both France and England. We could not have won that war by ourselves but England was already so deeply involved in a nationalistic struggle with France that we did win and were allowed to continue our development unhampered. The Mexican War, aggressive and imperialistic, allowed us to create here that larger economic unit which the future was demanding. The Civil War was a war of economic antagonisms, of nationalistic separatism. On the basis of our past principles and the principle of "self-determination of nationalities," to be enunciated in 1918, the South alone had the right to win. But it would have been a calamity had her "just cause" prevailed. For, although our greatest statesmen did not know it, the tide had already turned against the small, the restricted state.

Only in the World War of 1917–18 in which we helped win the military victory, did the gods desert us; for there we were fighting against the spirit of our time, of the coming civilization; for nationalistic separatism had ceased to be an advantage. Nothing further could be achieved along this line in Germany or France, or England, or the United States. The Peace of Versailles which was to set up "self-determination" as a principle, was as retrogressive as the Congress of Vienna which a hundred years before had attempted to re-establish legitimacy and the right of hereditary dynasties when nationalistic states, no matter by whom governed, were already carrying the day and feudal dynasties were relics of the past.

The forces of history are dispassionate; they will not be swayed even by victories. Alexander of Macedon was one of the world's greatest soldiers but accomplished nothing, was not a great historic figure, since he fought against history. The four great Powers that fought on the Western Front seem to be in the same tragic position.

We are confronted by a curious spectacle. Every nation announced and believed that it went into the World War because its existence as an independent nation was threatened. This was quite true of them all, though no nation would believe it of any of its opponents. Every one of the great Powers had developed a form of capitalism which could not continue to grow within the limits of nationalistic geography, as at present understood, and no war settled upon nationalistic lines could relieve this condition from which all of them suffered, and suffer now even more acutely than they did in 1914. To adapt a figure of Goethe's, it was as if each nation were a jar filled with rich earth in which an acorn had been planted. A rose bush might have grown there to perfect flower. That acorn had been watered and tended, had sprouted and grown into a seedling. With continued care this was growing into a tree. Outwardly, it looked like a promising oak, but the very process of growth was distending its roots and exerting ever-increasing pressure upon the sides of the jar which contained it. No outside hostile force was responsible. If these oaks grew, the nationalistic jars were bound to be shattered. Recriminations and wars would not help. There is but one remedy. Such oaks must be transplanted into freer soil and larger space.

III

That there are other forces, cultural in nature, which are complicating world problems today, the ordinary reader can consider dispassionately if he ponders the changes which have occurred in the relation between Great Britain and her Indian Empire. In the year of Victoria's Jubilee, 1897, few intelligent statesmen doubted that England's hold upon India was firmly and finally established. Few historians believe this today, and yet this change in Anglo-Indian relations is not primarily the result of any increasing tension in economic interests, but is resulting from the emergence, for good or ill, of what may be called a new cultural force. India, it is generally admitted, is becoming increasingly nationalistic; it is even probable that she has much to gain by becoming so. Economic differences between England and her empire, which could easily have been solved in 1898, are now becoming insoluble problems. It is safe to predict that the bond which joined India and England will in the next twenty-five years become far more tenuous if it is not altogether severed. What, for lack of a better phrase, we may call the logic of history, is driving them into divergent paths. Their ways of life are different. A Christian England can no longer provide a satisfactory future for the Indian Mohammedan or Buddhist. What we must

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here consider is whether the logic of history, the operation of this same force which is driving England and India apart, is not driving France, England, Germany and ourselves together. If this is true, then just as we must accustom ourselves to the idea of an India less dependent upon England, so too we must now look forward to the possible creation of a new Euro-American state, built upon a free union of these four nations which have already come to constitute, as England and India cannot, a homogeneous cultural entity.

IV

Cultural forces are healthy so long as they stimulate men and release energies which can be directed toward humanly desirable ends. No one denies that the effort on the part of men to create for themselves self-sufficient political units has been stimulating in the past. It has been the very life of nations. It has made the United States, Germany, France and England what they are. It may still help to shape a better future for India and China. This does not alter the fact that we may reach a point where in the interest of growth and future achievement old groupings must be transcended.

Let us pause for a moment to consider whether nationalism in its operation still seems a healthy cultural force or whether it already gives evidence of serious degeneration. The German, Siebert, published a volume a few years ago with the interesting title, "Is God a Frenchman?" Long before him George Bernard Shaw had said somewhere that the ordinary Britisher imagines God is an Englishman. This would be only amusing were it not that the process has become universal. The German too prays to God as to a great German; the Frenchman as to a Frenchman and in the United States we pray to Him as to a great American. He is the God not of battles but of our battles. He likes the things we like. We have nationalized God. In an age when religion has ceased to be the dominant force, this makes little difference. What is really tragic is that we have continued to nationalize Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans long after there has ceased to be any profit in the process. This degrades and limits man, as it does his god, for the essential quality of man is to be found in his limitless possibilities, in the freedom of his spirit. But, some one will say, you are trying to change human nature. Let us leave the question whether it can be changed. Here we are only pleading that it must be allowed to develop in the same old way. For it is not so much man that is changing, as the external forces to which he is subjected.

If nationalism is now a limitation, it was not always so. Once it was a liberating force, a releaser of human energies. In 1100, let us say, before men had yet created the great modern states, and when the horse and sailing vessel could carry them through only a small part of Europe, it was natural for them to strive to extend their group, to bring it into larger common enterprises. This was stimulating, extensive. To have more beautiful cathedrals or châteaux and more stirring poems of the war against the pagans, this was a challenge. It released energies, was a liberating force.

When Taillefer, at the Battle of Hastings, tossed his sword into the air and chanted the phrase, "la douce France," it did not of course mean what it means to the Frenchman today. It did not imply the Chamber of Deputies, the democratic régime of universal suffrage, compulsory military service and state monopolies of matches and tobacco, the victories of Napoleon, or the Opera and the Paris of Baron Haussmann. Neither did "Deutsch" when used by Walter von der Vogelweide mean Berlin, the Hohenzollerns, the goose step, the Krupp plant at Essen or the Siegesallée. In both cases "France" and "Germany" were more fluid and vital conceptions. They were spiritual concepts and meant not so much realized régimes as what the German or Frenchman means when he speaks of *Vaterland* or *patrie*. Landscape and climate entered in; the foods their women prepared, their more lovable faces, the clothes they wore, were a part of it; but above all, France, for instance, meant the place and the way of life in which the Frenchman felt no constraints and in which he could most fully realize himself. It was a liberalizing, a liberating idea and when the poets use it even today, it is upon these notions of fatherland that they must fall back. So Rupert Brooke, about to die at Gallipoli in the twentieth century, fighting against the Turks in the interest of British imperialism, phrased them retrospectively:

> "A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
> Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
> A body of England's, breathing English air,
> Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home."

But this idea of fatherland or patrie is no longer what we mean today by our modern nationalistic conceptions. The nation has become more and more a politico-economic concept and the state protects its subject in his money-making or trade. This is beginning to be recognized by able Europeans. Drieu la Rochelle had indicated this clearly before the depression in his *Genève ou Moscou*. It is the burden of a recent work by Ortega y Gasset. Those original concepts of patrie or fatherland have been fulfilled. They released great stores of spiritual energies and created the modern nations which we know. But the Frenchman is not free in France, the German in the Reich, the American in the United States. Those first notions rendered the modern world a great service; but in proportion as the hopes and desires involved in those early conceptions have realized themselves, the conception of

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the nation has become no longer liberalizing but constraining. They can no longer serve to direct life into new channels, lift it to new achievements. In the time of the Song of Roland and of Walter von der Vogelweide, there was as yet no French or German state, no rigid administrative organization that ruled. Both France and Germany were divided into many suzerainties under dukes or kings or counts. But the conception of *fatherland* and *patrie* was larger than any isolated duchy or barony and tended to beget a sense of homogeneity, of common interest and purpose, in larger areas, more rapidly in France, but not until the nineteenth century in Germany. The French and German nations were created by these cultural conceptions. But now that the nations have been extended to their uttermost geographical limits, and there are no colonies to be planted anywhere, the attitude of mind which this arrested nationalism imposes has become a hampering limitation. Where men once with enthusiasm freely created nations in places where only tribes had been before, stark, unwieldy states limit and restrict the peoples of modern Europe and America.

V

Let us now look at the problem as it is for the American. As we review the trends in our past history we see that Washington in the Revolutionary War was struggling to release those energies which for one hundred and fifty years were to mould the future. That is a long time in modern history. Lincoln too was our great benefactor, not because he "preserved the Union," but because he stood against what would have been a restrictive and destructive separatism. Wilson, however, with an equally ardent patriotism, was less happily starred. Even to us who admired him he begins to appear as the Metternich of 1918. In the twentieth century he was fighting to recognize forces which would have made Metternich great had the Austrian recognized them in 1814, but which had already spent themselves in 1918. The nations had gone to war in 1914, not to establish a new principle, but in exasperation against their own lack of self-sufficiency, a self-sufficiency which in the existing state of civilization could never be again. Wilson, and who shall blame him, could not see this. The idea of self-determination of nationalities was a separatist idea, an idea of disunion, when in Western Europe every force, economic and cultural, was operating to bring modern men into larger groupings. He was trying to make water flow up hill, and just as King Canute could not dominate the tides, the forces of nature, so Wilson could not dominate the forces of history. He was right when he said that the German people had been deluded by their leaders, but so too had every other people, including our own. Our leaders had first allowed themselves to be deluded. To go to war for this type of nationalism in 1917, though we did not know it, had already become an anachronism. There could not possibly be a fortunate issue to such a war, for the tides of history had already set against it.

The gods, Zeus, Apollo, Athena, had once represented great civilizing forces in Greece and Rome. But a war to re-establish the pagan gods in 476 A.D., or a war to bring back feudalism in Western Europe or America in 1800, would have been no greater a historic blunder than a war to maintain such nationalism in 1918. Such catastrophes cannot be prevented by changing the forms of political organization, by making the world safe for democracies, for the greatest danger to all of them springs from these artificially stimulated and now fruitless and misdirected national antagonisms. The Reich under Hindenburg is worse off than the Reich under William II and the United States under Franklin Roosevelt is worse off than it was under Taft. So, too, England and France are worse off now than they were in 1914. We have not understood why this is so because we have not understood the nature of our civilization. Times have changed and our governmental agencies have not changed with them. States are only effective when they stimulate and lead their peoples toward some achievable "manifest destiny." Nationalistic separatism for Germany, England, France and ourselves, has fulfilled its function and is as defunct as paganism or feudalism or the Renaissance. If we are to depart from it wisely, if we are to prevent catastrophe, we must begin to recognize the nature of those cultural forces which have made us what we are, and we must make our future stand to our past as the airplane does to the covered wagon.

That the future must be like the past is a superstition which has been disproved in every age, by every people that had a right to claim that they were civilized. To maintain in its integrity a traditional policy when history is changing is clearly impossible. The attempt to do so can only increase the spread between the needs of the present and the agencies of the past. This can but increase the lag which results when men attempt to continue in force institutions adapted to meet situations in the past when those situations no longer exist. We have assumed that the constant in history is human nature and repeat like a litany that human nature never changes. Men create institutions, the family, the city, corporations, the state. They, particularly modern men, also invent, create new devices, release new forces, and these institutions and inventions react upon their creators and in turn change men. We would advance our understanding of human problems if we could realize more fully that every problem in civilization is a problem in dynamics. Once

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this is done, we shall cease attempting to establish impossible points of rest and try to understand the possible objectives and plot directions.

This attempt to establish impossible points of rest is illustrated by the methods by which we teach the young the services which Washington and Lincoln rendered. Out of the still pond of history they are supposed to have fished absolutely final, valid discoveries which had always lain hidden there, which no one before them had ever seen or seen so clearly. That is why we foolishly hold that to alter or redirect them is to be guilty of disloyalty. To teach that the greatness of America lies in her past and not in her future is to diminish Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln, whose great service was that they released America's energies, raised them to a higher power by opening new avenues for fruitful achievement. They made it possible for America to grow. The ages that followed were to be richer than those in which they lived. To teach that the past is greater than the future is to paralyze all endeavor, to pour cold water upon the fires of youth, to beget pessimism and an epigonic attitude such as we now have in Europe and this country, even in those who might otherwise have been eager. To do so is to resort to Chinese ancestor worship in its deadliest form.

VI

If nationalism was once an advantage to Germany, France, England and the United States, why has it ceased to be so? The answer is simple. As the result of our own inventions, economically and above all culturally, we have grown closer together. It would be as logical for us today to unite with France or England or Germany, as it was a hundred years ago to take in Spanish Florida or French Louisiana. They are within easier reach and closer in cultural interest. The peoples of these four countries are really the architects and creators of the modern spirit. The steam engine, railroad, steamship, auto, radio, modern medicine, "evolution," the new physics, the new mathematics and chemistry, the new science and the technology which has sprung from it, are largely and almost exclusively the joint product of these four peoples. This has changed our world and with radio, trans-oceanic telephones, New York or Washington is in as close communication with London or Berlin as with Pittsburgh or San Francisco.

A historian has recently told us that it took three weeks for the news of the Battle of Lexington to reach Charleston, S. C., and twelve days for the news of the firing on Fort Sumter to reach London. The battle of New Orleans was fought and won by Andrew Jackson two weeks after peace had been signed at Ghent. Now we sit in our homes, and while we listen to reports from Berlin on the German elections, and Mantoux speaking from Paris, Europeans listen in upon the inaugural of President Roosevelt.

We have already indicated that capitalism or quantity production as it has grown up in these four countries cannot possibly develop, hampered by tariff walls and in the atmosphere of fierce uncontrolled competition between nations. The worker in Lowell or Lyons or Manchester or Berlin knows that his government is no longer the master of his fate. If London goes off the gold standard, the man in Paterson, N. J., loses his job. An Iowa telegraph operator may be pushed out by a discovery in a German university. But it is not only, and perhaps not primarily, considerations of economics that are driving us together. Far more striking are the increasing unity and homogeneity of our culture. A painting by Cezanne or Picasso or Derain is as fully appreciated in New York as in Paris. Over thousands of American radios Beethoven and Schubert and Wagner are listened to. There is no difference between German music and ours unless perhaps it is that German music is better. Of the best sellers in literature in America, in the past ten years, a goodly number were written in Europe. Our people with no sense of strain read the works of Ludwig or Remarque, or Vicki Baum or Maurois or Dimnet, while Sinclair Lewis's *Ann Vickers* appears simultaneously in New York, London, Paris, and Berlin. No such cultural unity exists for instance between us and Japan or China or Bulgaria or Turkey or Bolivia or Mexico. Our cultural life, our science, our technology, are a common product and they cannot develop their highest possibilities until we unite with those who with us are their joint creators.

VII

The Euro-American Union will not finally settle all problems; even its limits may in time have to be extended to take in Holland or Belgium or Italy or Spain, for instance. But we must make a beginning somewhere and a union of the four powers seems now to open the only way into our future. There is no way of circumventing the inevitable. The nations that fought against each other on the Western Front must correct their great historic blunder.

It would be foolhardy to believe that any such reorientation or reorganization will be carried through easily, all at once, or in the immediate future. It is opposed to the deeply rooted prejudices of the citizens of all four of these nations. The student of civilization can, however, say that if the nationalistic ideal is not to thwart us and lead us to disaster, instead of driving kindred nations into their last futile clashes, it must operate in the future as it did in the past, toward creating larger political groupings, and make states coincide geo-

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graphically with those larger areas of homogeneous culture which the revolution in communication and transport has already created. We all know that there should be a stable, interchangeable currency in use in all these four states and that no one of them can maintain without shock a financial system, if the other three combine against it. The debt and reparations problems in which they are enmeshed indicate a closeness of relationship that does not exist between ourselves and other peoples. The relations between the United States and France or Germany or England are not foreign relations in the same sense as are those between the United States and China or Japan or Mexico. We might even make a timid beginning by separating out the relations between these four powers and removing them from "Departments of Foreign Affairs" and creating in each of these states a department of Euro-American relations with special secretaries who would meet periodically in London, Paris, Berlin, and Washington and familiarize themselves more fully with each other's problems. Even if capitalism must be liquidated in this Big Four, the policy which at present they take toward Russia should be taken in concert and not by each in an attempt to gain temporary private advantage for itself. So too the issues at stake in the Far East between Japan and China are too momentous, too big with possible dangers, for individual members of the Euro-American group to jockey with each other for preferential position.

To put it inelegantly, Germany, France, England, and the United States are overripe as competing nationalistic states. Neither culturally nor economically can they live apart and their pretense to self-sufficiency can lead only to clashing rivalries that must end in catastrophe. They depend upon each other. Any accession of strength, military or economic, to any of them is and must in the present state of things be regarded as a threat to all the rest. Without political reorganization tending toward common action, destructive competition in wasteful production and armaments must become fiercer with every attempt to develop the latent resources of their common culture. We are balked at every turn. This can end only in wars more destructive than the last. As the ways of life in all of them become more and more kindred, such deadly struggles between them must take on all the horrors of civil war. We all know that even if France conquered in a war with Germany, she could do nothing for or with Germany that the Germans have not done. The same would be true of a war between Germany and ourselves or the English, and the crippling or destruction of any of these peoples would be an irretrievable loss to them all. That way madness lies. That unifying force which once created each of these nations out of politically disparate parts must continue to work and bring the four of them to that unity for which a common science, a common technology and a common culture have now prepared them. This is their manifest destiny. The very progress that they have made, the very forces they have released, have made their separatist, jingoistic, nationalistic economic and political systems more and more antiquated, more and more dangerous. They must co-ordinate these as they have already co-ordinated their cultures.

The way of life which the modern spirit has shaped for itself already transcends the frontiers of Germany, France, England, and America. However much at first blush it may shock our instincts or prejudices, we must be prepared for the new dispensation. In the twentieth century culture can no longer be forced to follow any one of our flags. The flag somehow must be willing to follow the culture which it has helped to achieve.

ILL WIND

By Margaret Emerson Bailey

Let's put our pennies in a failing bank
And from the cue that forms let's run away
Lest beauty lose its coinage while we say
Words worn to nothing by the file and rank.
I know a Vermont village where the sun
Strikes glints from copper with an ore so deep
Beneath rough slag, so socketed in sleep
That sulphur-yellow the slow rivers run.
There buckwheat grows in flurries to such skies
As ripen farmlands for the pitch and toss
Of hay, stem-gold. If driving rain brings loss,
No harvest spoiled shall equal the surprise
Of those too long away, and glad to know
Wheat turns to silver when the ill-winds blow.

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Give Us a Prescription, Doctor

A STORY

By Ernest Hemingway

They brought them in around midnight and then, all night long, every one along the corridor heard the Russian.

"Where is he shot?" Mr. Frazer asked the night nurse.

"In the thigh, I think."

"What about the other one?"

"Oh, he's going to die, I'm afraid."

"Where is he shot?"

"Twice in the abdomen. They only found one of the bullets."

They were both beet workers, a Mexican and a Russian, and they were sitting drinking coffee in an all-night restaurant when some one came in the door and started shooting at the Mexican. The Russian crawled under a table and was hit, finally, by a stray shot fired at the Mexican as he lay on the floor with two bullets in his abdomen. That was what the paper said.

The Mexican told the police he had no idea who shot him. He believed it to be an accident.

"An accident that he fired eight shots at you and hit you twice, there?"

"Si, señor," said the Mexican, who was named Cayetano Ruiz.

"An accident that he hit me at all, the cabron," he said to the interpreter.

"What does he say?" asked the detective sergeant, looking across the bed at the interpreter.

"He says it was an accident."

"Tell him to tell the truth, that he is going to die," the detective said.

"Na," said Cayetano. "But tell him that I feel very sick and would prefer not to talk so much."

"He says that he is telling the truth," the interpreter said. Then, speaking confidently, to the detective, "He don't know who shot him. They shot him in the back."

"Yes," said the detective. "I understand that, but why did the bullets all go in the front?"

"Maybe he is spinning around," said the interpreter.

"Listen," said the detective, shaking his finger almost at Cayetano's nose, which projected, waxen yellow, from his dead-man's face in which his eyes were alive as a hawk's. "I don't give a damn who shot you, but I've got to clear this thing up. Don't you want the man who shot you to be punished? Tell him that," he said to the interpreter.

"He says to tell who shot you."

"Mandarlo al carajo," said Cayetano, who was very tired.

"He says he never saw the fellow at all," the interpreter said. "I tell you straight they shot him in the back."

"Ask him who shot the Russian."

"Poor Russian," said Cayetano. "He was on the floor with his head enveloped in his arms. He started to give cries when they shoot him and he is giving cries ever since. Poor Russian."

"He says some fellow that he doesn't know. Maybe the same fellow that shot him."

"Listen," the detective said. "This isn't Chicago. You're not a gangster. You don't have to act like a moving picture. It's all right to tell who shot you. Anybody would tell who shot them. That's all right to do. Suppose you don't tell who he is and he shoots somebody else. Suppose he shoots a woman or a child. You can't let him get away with that. You tell him," he said to Mr. Frazer. "I don't trust that damn interpreter."

"I am very reliable," the interpreter said. Cayetano looked at Mr. Frazer.

"Listen, amigo," said Mr. Frazer. "The policeman says that we are not in Chicago but in Hailey, Montana. You are not a bandit and this has nothing to do with the cinema."

"I believe him," said Cayetano softly. "Ya lo creo."

"One can, with honor, denounce one's assailant. Every one does it here, he says. He says what happens if after shooting you, this man shoots a woman or a child?"

"I am not married," Cayetano said.

"He says any woman, any child."

"The man is not crazy," Cayetano said.

"He says you should denounce him," Mr. Frazer finished.

"Thank you," Cayetano said. "You are of the great translators. I speak English, but badly. I understand it all right. How did you break your leg?"

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"A fall of a horse."

"What bad luck. I am very sorry. Does it hurt much?"

"Not now. At first, yes."

"Listen, amigo," Cayetano began, "I am very weak. You will pardon me. Also I have much pain; enough pain. It is very possible that I die. Please get this policeman out of here because I am very tired." He made as though to roll to one side; then held himself still.

"I told him everything exactly as you said and he said to tell you, truly, that he doesn't know who shot him and that he is very weak and wishes you would question him later on," Mr. Frazer said.

"He'll probably be dead later on."

"That's quite possible."

"That's why I want to question him now."

"Somebody shot him in the back, I tell you," the interpreter said.

"Oh, for Chrisake," the detective sergeant said, and put his notebook in his pocket.

Outside in the corridor the detective sergeant stood with the interpreter beside Mr. Frazer's wheeled chair.

"I suppose you think somebody shot him in the back too?"

"Yes," Frazer said. "Somebody shot him in the back. What's it to you?"

"Don't get sore," the sergeant said. "I wish I could talk spik."

"Why don't you learn?"

"You don't have to get sore. I don't get any fun out of asking that spik questions. If I could talk spik it would be different."

"You don't need to talk Spanish," the interpreter said. "I am a very reliable interpreter."

"Oh for Chrisake," the sergeant said. "Well, so long. I'll come up and see you."

"Thanks. I'm always in."

"I guess you are all right. That was bad luck all right. Plenty bad luck."

"It's coming along good now since he spliced the bone."

"Yes, but it's a long time. A long, long time."

"Don't let anybody shoot you in the back."

"That's right," he said. "That's right. Well, I'm glad you're not sore."

"So long," said Mr. Frazer.

Mr. Frazer did not see Cayetano again for a long time, but each morning Sister Cecilia brought news of him. He was so uncomplaining she said and he was very bad now. He had peritonitis and they thought he could not live. Poor Cayetano, she said. He had such beautiful hands and such a fine face and he never complains. The odor, now, was really terrific. He would point toward his nose with one finger and smile and shake his head, she said. He felt badly about the odor. It embarrassed him, Sister Cecilia said. Oh, he was such a fine patient. He always smiled. He wouldn't go to confession to Father but he promised to say his prayers, and not a Mexican had been to see him since he had been brought in. The Russian was going out at the end of the week. I could never feel anything about the Russian, Sister Cecilia said. Poor fellow, he suffered too. It was a greased bullet and dirty and the wound infected, but he made so much noise and then I always like the bad ones. That Cayetano, he's a bad one. Oh, he must really be a bad one, a thoroughly bad one, he's so fine and delicately made and he's never done any work with his hands. He's not a beet worker. I know he's not a beet worker. His hands are as smooth and not a callous on them. I know he's a bad one of some sort. I'm going down and pray for him now. Poor Cayetano, he's having a dreadful time and he doesn't make a sound. What did they have to shoot him for? Oh, that poor Cayetano! I'm going right down and pray for him.

She went right down and prayed for him.

In that hospital a radio did not work very well until it was dusk. They said it was because there was so much ore in the ground or something about the mountains, but anyway it did not work well at all until it began to get dark outside; but all night it worked beautifully and when one station stopped you could go farther west and pick up another. The last one that you could get was Portland, Oregon, and due to the difference in time, when they signed off at four o'clock in the morning it was five o'clock in the morning in the hospital; and at six o'clock you could get the morning revellers in Minneapolis. That was on account of the difference in time, too, and Mr. Frazer used to like to think of the morning revellers arriving at the studio and picture how they would look getting off a street car before daylight in the morning carrying their instruments. Maybe that was wrong and they kept their instruments at the place they revelled, but he always pictured them with their instruments. He had never been in Minneapolis and believed he probably would never go there, but he knew what it looked like that early in the morning.

Out of the window of the hospital you could see a field with tumbleweed coming out of the snow, and a bare clay butte. One morning the doctor wanted to show Mr. Frazer two pheasants that were out there in the snow, and pulling the bed toward the window, the reading light fell off the iron bedstead and hit Mr. Frazer on the head. This does not sound so funny now but it was very funny then. Every one was looking out the window, and the doctor, who was a most excellent doctor, was pointing at the pheasants and pulling the

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bed toward the window, and then, just as in a comic section, Mr. Frazer was knocked out by the leaded base of the lamp hitting the top of his head. It seemed the antithesis of healing or whatever people were in the hospital for, and every one thought it was very funny; as a joke on Mr. Frazer and on the doctor. Everything is much simpler in a hospital, including the jokes.

From the other window, if the bed was turned, you could see the town, with a little smoke above it, and the Dawson mountains looking like real mountains with the winter snow on them. Those were the two views since the wheeled chair had proved to be premature. It is really best to be in bed if you are in a hospital; since two views, with time to observe them, from a room the temperature of which you control, are much better than any number of views seen for a few minutes from hot, empty rooms that are waiting for some one else, or just abandoned, which you are wheeled in and out of. If you stay long enough in a room the view, whatever it is, acquires a great value and becomes very important and you would not change it; not even by a different angle. Just as, with the radio, there are certain things that you become fond of, and you welcome them and resent the new things. The best tunes they had that winter were "Sing Something Simple," "Singsong Girl," and "Little White Lies." No other tunes were as satisfactory, Mr. Frazer felt. "Betty Co-ed" was a good tune too, but the parody of the words which came unavoidably into Mr. Frazer's mind, grew so steadily and increasingly obscene that, there being no one to appreciate it, he finally abandoned it and let the song go back to football.

About nine o'clock in the morning they would start using the X-ray machine, and then the radio, which, by then, was only getting Hailey, became useless. Many people in Hailey who owned radios protested about the hospital's X-ray machine which ruined their morning reception, but there was never any action taken, although many felt it was a shame the hospital could not use their machine at a time when people were not using their radios.

About the time when it became necessary to turn off the radio Sister Cecilia came in.

"How's Cayetano, Sister Cecilia?" Mr. Frazer asked.

"Oh, he's very bad."

"Is he out of his head?"

"No, but I'm afraid he's going to die."

"How are you?"

"I'm very worried about him, and do you know that absolutely no one has come to see him? He could die just like a dog for all those Mexicans care. They're really dreadful."

"Do you want to come up and hear the game this afternoon?"

"Oh, no," she said. "I'd be too excited. I'll be in the chapel praying."

"We ought to be able to hear it pretty well," Mr. Frazer said. "They're playing out on the coast and the difference in time will bring it late enough so we can get it all right."

"Oh, no. I couldn't do it. The world's series nearly finished me. When the Athletics were at bat I was praying right out loud: 'Oh, Lord, direct their batting eyes! Oh, Lord, may he hit one! Oh, Lord, may he hit safely!' Then when they filled the bases in the third game, you remember, it was too much for me. 'Oh, Lord, may he hit it out of the lot! Oh, Lord, may he drive it clean over the fence!' Then you know when the Cardinals would come to bat it was simply dreadful. 'Oh, Lord, may they not see it! Oh, Lord, don't let them even catch a glimpse of it! Oh, Lord, may they fan!' And this game is even worse. It's Notre Dame. Our Lady. No, I'll be in the chapel. For Our Lady. They're playing for Our Lady. I wish you'd write something sometime for Our Lady. You could do it. You know you could do it, Mr. Frazer."

"I don't know anything about her that I could write. It's mostly been written already," Mr. Frazer said. "You wouldn't like the way I write. She wouldn't care for it either."

"You'll write about her sometime," Sister said. "I know you will. You must write about Our Lady."

"You'd better come up and hear the game."

"It would be too much for me. No, I'll be in the chapel doing what I can."

That afternoon they had been playing about five minutes when a probationer came into the room and said, "Sister Cecilia wants to know how the game is going?"

"Tell her they have a touchdown already."

In a little while the probationer came into the room again.

"Tell her they're playing them off their feet," Mr. Frazer said.

A little later he rang the bell for the nurse who was on floor duty. "Would you mind going down to the chapel or sending word down to Sister Cecilia that Notre Dame has them fourteen to nothing at the end of the first quarter and that it's all right. She can stop praying."

In a few minutes Sister Cecilia came into the room. She was very excited. "What does fourteen to nothing mean? I don't know anything about this game. That's a nice safe lead in baseball. But I don't know anything about football. It may not mean a thing. I'm going right back down to the chapel and pray until it's finished."

"They have them beaten," Frazer said. "I promise you. Stay and listen with me."

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"No. No. No. No. No. No. No," she said. "I'm going right down to the chapel to pray."

Mr. Frazer sent down word whenever Notre Dame scored, and finally, when it had been dark a long time, the final result.

"How's Sister Cecilia?"

"They're all at chapel," she said.

The next morning Sister Cecilia came in. She was very pleased and confident.

"I knew they couldn't beat Our Lady," she said. "They couldn't. Cayetano's better too. He's much better. He's going to have visitors. He can't see them yet, but they are going to come and that will make him feel better and know he's not forgotten by his own people. I went down and saw that O'Brien boy at Police Headquarters and told him that he's got to send some Mexicans up to see poor Cayetano. He's going to send some this afternoon. Then that poor man will feel better. It's wicked the way no one has come to see him."

That afternoon about five o'clock three Mexicans came into the room.

"Can one?" asked the biggest one, who had very thick lips and was quite fat.

"Why not?" Mr. Frazer answered. "Sit down, gentlemen. Will you take something?"

"Many thanks," said the big one.

"Thanks," said the darkest and smallest one.

"Thanks, no," said the thin one. "It mounts to my head." He tapped his head.

The nurse brought some glasses. "Please give them the bottle," Frazer said. "It is from Red Lodge," he explained.

"That of Red Lodge is the best," said the big one. "Much better than that of Big Timber."

"Clearly," said the smallest one, "and cost more too."

"In Red Lodge it is of all prices," said the big one.

"How many tubes has the radio?" asked the one who did not drink.

"Seven."

"Very beautiful," he said. "What does it cost?"

"I don't know," Mr. Frazer said. "It is rented."

"You gentlemen are friends of Cayetano?"

"No," said the big one. "We are friends of he who wounded him."

"We were sent here by the police," the smallest one said.

"We have a little place," the big one said. "He and I," indicating the one who did not drink. "He has a little place too," indicating the small, dark one. "The police tell us we have to come—so we come."

"I am very happy you have come."

"Equally," said the big one.

"Will you have another little cup?"

"Why not?" said the big one.

"With your permission," said the smallest one.

"Not me," said the thin one. "It mounts to my head."

"It is very good," said the smallest one.

"Why not try some," Mr. Frazer asked the thin one. "Let a little mount to your head."

"Afterwards comes the headache," said the thin one.

"Could you not send friends of Cayetano to see him?" Frazer asked.

"He has no friends."

"Every man has friends."

"This one, no."

"What does he do?"

"He is a card-player."

"Is he good?"

"I believe it."

"From me," said the smallest one, "he won one hundred and eighty dollars. Now there is no longer one hundred and eighty dollars in the world."

"From me," said the thin one, "he won two hundred and eleven dollars. Fix yourself on that figure."

"I never played with him," said the fat one.

"He must be very rich," Mr. Frazer suggested.

"He is poorer than we," said the little Mexican. "He has no more than the shirt on his back."

"And that shirt is of little value now," Mr. Frazer said. "Perforated as it is."

"Clearly."

"The one who wounded him was a card-player?"

"No, a beet worker. He has had to leave town."

"Fix yourself on this," said the smallest one. "He was the best guitar player ever in this town. The finest."

"What a shame."

"I believe it," said the biggest one. "How he could touch the guitar."

"There are no good guitar players left?"

"Not the shadow of a guitar player."

"There is an accordion player who is worth something," the thin man said.

"There are a few who touch various instruments," the big one said. "You like music?"

"How would I not?"

"We will come one night with music? You think the Sister would allow it? She seems very amiable."

"I am sure she would permit it when Cayetano is able to hear it."

"Is she a little crazy?" asked the thin one.

"Who?"

"That sister?"

"No," Mr. Frazer said. "She is a fine woman of great intelligence and sympathy."

"I distrust all priests, monks, and sisters," said the thin one.

"He had bad experiences when a boy," the smallest one said.

"I was acolyte," the thin one said proudly. "Now I believe in nothing. Neither do I go to mass."

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"Why? Does it mount to your head?"

"No," said the thin one. "It is alcohol that mounts to my head. Religion is the opium of the poor."

"I thought mariajuana was the opium of the poor," Frazer said.

"Did you ever smoke opium?" the big one asked.

"No."

"Nor I," he said. "It seems it is very bad. One commences and cannot stop. It is a vice."

"Like religion," said the thin one.

"This one," said the smallest Mexican, "is very strong against religion."

"It is necessary to be very strong against something," Mr. Frazer said politely.

"I respect those who have faith even though they are ignorant," the thin one said.

"Good," said Mr. Frazer.

"What can we bring you?" asked the big Mexican. "Do you lack for anything?"

"I would be glad to buy some beer if there is good beer."

"We will bring beer."

"Another copita before you go?"

"It is very good."

"We are robbing you."

"I can't take it. It goes to my head. Then I have a bad headache and sick at the stomach."

"Good-bye, gentlemen."

"Good-bye and thanks."

They went out and there was supper and then the radio; turned to be as quiet as possible and still be heard, and the stations finally signing off in this order: Denver, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, and Portland. Mr. Frazer received no picture of Denver from the radio. He could see Denver from the *Denver Post,* and correct the picture from the *Rocky Mountain News.* Nor did he ever have any feel of Salt Lake City or Los Angeles from what he heard from those places. All he felt about Salt Lake City was that it was clean, but dull, and there were too many ballrooms mentioned in too many big hotels for him to see Los Angeles. He could not feel it for the ballrooms. But Portland he came to know very well, the taxicab company with the big white cabs (each cab equipped with radio itself) he rode in every night out to the roadhouse on the Canadian side where he followed the course of parties by the musical selections they phoned for. He lived in Portland from two o'clock on, each night, hearing the pieces that all the different people asked for, and it was as real as Minneapolis, where the revellers left their beds each morning to make that trip down to the studio. Mr. Frazer grew very fond of Portland, Oregon.

The Mexicans came and brought beer but it was not good beer. Mr. Frazer saw them but he did not feel like talking, and when they went he knew they would not come again. His nerves had become tricky and he disliked seeing people while he was in this condition. His nerves went bad at the end of five weeks, and while he was pleased they lasted that long yet he resented being forced to make the same experiment when he already knew the answer. Mr. Frazer had been through this all before. The only thing which was new to him was the radio. He played it all night long, turned so low he could barely hear it, and he was learning to listen to it without thinking.

Sister Cecilia came into the room about ten o'clock in the morning on that day and brought the mail. She was very handsome, and Mr. Frazer liked to see her and to hear her talk, but the mail, supposedly coming from a different world, was more important. However, there was nothing in the mail of any interest.

"You look *so* much better," she said. "You'll be leaving us soon."

"Yes," Mr. Frazer said. "You look very happy this morning."

"Oh, I am. This morning I feel as though I might be a saint."

Mr. Frazer was a little taken aback at this.

"Yes," Sister Cecilia went on. "That's what I want to be. A saint. Ever since I was a little girl I've wanted to be a saint. When I was a girl I thought if I renounced the world and went into the convent I would be a saint. That was what I wanted to be and that was what I thought I had to do to be one. I expected I would be a saint. I was absolutely sure I would be one. For just a moment I thought I was one. I was so happy and it seemed so simple and easy. When I awoke in the morning I expected I would be a saint, but I wasn't. I've never become one. I want so to be one. All I want is to be a saint. That is all I've ever wanted. And this morning I feel as though I might be one. Oh, I hope I will get to be one."

"You'll be one. Everybody gets what they want. That's what they always tell me."

"I don't know now. When I was a girl it seemed so simple. I knew I would be a saint. Only I believed it took time when I found it did not happen suddenly. Now it seems almost impossible."

"I'd say you had a good chance."

"Do you really think so? No, I don't want just to be encouraged. Don't just encourage me. I want to be a saint. I want so to be a saint."

"Of course you'll be a saint," Mr. Frazer said.

"No, probably I won't be. But, oh, if I could only be a saint! I'd be perfectly happy."

"You're three to one to be a saint."

"No, don't encourage me. But, oh, if I could only be a saint! If I could only be a saint!"

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"How's your friend Cayetano?"

"He's going to get well but he's paralyzed. One of the bullets hit the big nerve that goes down through his thigh and that leg is paralyzed. They only found it out when he got well enough so that he could move."

"Maybe the nerve will regenerate."

"I'm praying that it will," Sister Cecilia said. "You ought to see him."

"I don't feel like seeing anybody."

"You know you'd like to see him. They could wheel him in here."

"All right."

They wheeled him in, thin, his skin transparent, his hair black and needing to be cut, his eyes very laughing, his teeth bad when he smiled.

"Hola, amigo! Que tal?"

"As you see," said Mr. Frazer. "And thou?"

"Alive and with the leg paralyzed."

"Bad," Mr. Frazer said. "But the nerve can regenerate and be as good as new."

"So they tell me."

"What about the pain?"

"Not now. For a while I was crazy with it in the belly. I thought the pain alone would kill me."

Sister Cecilia was observing them happily.

"She tells me you never made a sound," Mr. Frazer said.

"So many people in the ward," the Mexican said deprecatingly. "What class of pain do you have?"

"Big enough. Clearly not as bad as yours. When the nurse goes out I cry an hour, two hours. It rests me. My nerves are bad now."

"You have the radio. If I had a private room and a radio I would be crying and yelling all night long."

"I doubt it."

"Hombre, si. It's very healthy. But you cannot do it with so many people."

"At least," Mr. Frazer said, "the hands are still good. They tell me you make your living with the hands."

"And the head," he said, tapping his forehead. "But the head isn't worth as much."

"Three of your countrymen were here."

"Sent by the police to see me."

"They brought some beer."

"It probably was bad."

"It was bad."

"Tonight, sent by the police, they come to serenade me." He laughed, then tapped his stomach. "I cannot laugh yet. As musicians they are fatal."

"And the one who shot you?"

"Another fool. I won thirty-eight dollars from him at cards. That is not to kill about."

"The three told me you win much money."

"And am poorer than the birds."

"How?"

"I am a poor idealist. I am the victim of illusions." He laughed, then grinned and tapped his stomach. "I am a professional gambler but I like to gamble. To really gamble. Little gambling is all crooked. For real gambling you need luck. I have no luck."

"Never?"

"Never. I am completely without luck. Look, this cabron who shoots me just now. Can he shoot? No. The first shot he fires into nothing. The second is intercepted by a poor Russian. That would seem to be luck. What happens? He shoots me twice in the belly. He is a lucky man. I have no luck. He could not hit a horse if he were holding the stirrup. All luck."

"I thought he shot you first and the Russian after."

"No, the Russian first, me after. The paper was mistaken."

"Why didn't you shoot him?"

"I never carry a gun. With my luck, if I carried a gun I would be hanged ten times a year. I am a cheap card player, only that." He stopped, then continued. "When I make a sum of money I gamble and when I gamble I lose. I have passed at dice for three thousand dollars and crapped out for the six. With good dice. More than once."

"Why continue?"

"If I live long enough the luck will change. I have bad luck now for fifteen years. If I ever get any good luck I will be rich." He grinned. "I am a good gambler, really I would enjoy being rich."

"Do you have bad luck with all games?"

"With everything and with women." He smiled again, showing his bad teeth.

"Truly?"

"Truly."

"And what is there to do?"

"Continue, slowly, and wait for luck to change."

"But with women?"

"No gambler has luck with women. He is too concentrated. He works nights. When he should be with the women. No man who works nights can hold a woman if the woman is worth anything."

"You are a philosopher."

"No, hombre. A gambler of the small towns. One small town, then another, another, then a big town, then start over again."

"Then shot in the belly."

"The first time," he said. "That has only happened once."

"I tire you talking?" Mr. Frazer suggested.

"No," he said. "I must tire you."

"And the leg?"

"I have no great use for the leg. I am all right with the leg or not. I will be able to circulate."

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"I wish you luck, truly, and with all my heart," Mr. Frazer said.

"Equally," he said. "And that the pain stops."

"It will not last, certainly. It is passing. It is of no importance."

"That it passes quickly."

"Equally."

That night the Mexicans played the accordion and other instruments in the ward and it was cheerful and the noise of the inhalations and exhalations of the accordion, and of the bells, the traps, and the drum came down the corridor. In that ward there was a rodeo rider who had come out of the chutes on Midnight on a hot dusty afternoon with a big crowd watching, and now, with a broken back, was going to learn to work in leather and to cane chairs when he got well enough to leave the hospital. There was a carpenter who had fallen with a scaffolding and broken both ankles and both wrists. He had lit like a cat but without a cat's resiliency. They could fix him up so that he could work again but it would take a long time. There was a boy from a farm, about sixteen years old, with a broken leg that had been badly set and was to be rebroken. There was Cayetano Ruiz, a small-town gambler with a paralyzed leg. Down the corridor Mr. Frazer could hear them all laughing and merry with the music made by the Mexicans who had been sent by the police. The Mexicans were having a good time. They came in, very excited, to see Mr. Frazer and wanted to know if there was anything he wanted them to play, and they came twice more to play at night of their own accord.

The last time they played Mr. Frazer lay in his room with the door open and listened to the noisy, bad music and could not keep from thinking. When they wanted to know what he wished played, he asked for the Cucaracha, which has the sinister lightness and deftness of so many of the tunes men have gone to die to. They played noisily and with emotion. The tune was better than most of such tunes, to Mr. Frazer's mind, but the effect was all the same.

In spite of this introduction of emotion, Mr. Frazer went on thinking. Usually he avoided thinking all he could, except when he was writing, but now he was thinking about those who were playing and what the little one had said.

Religion is the opium of the people. He believed that, that dyspeptic little joint-keeper. Yes and music is the opium of the people. Old mount-to-the-head hadn't thought of that. And now economics is the opium of the people; along with patriotism the opium of the people in Italy and Germany. What about sexual intercourse; was that an opium of the people? Of some of the people. Of some of the best of the people. But drink was a sovereign opium of the people, oh, an excellent opium. Although some prefer the radio, another opium of the people; a cheap one he had just been using. Along with these went gambling, an opium of the people if there ever was one, one of the oldest. Ambition was another, an opium of the people, along with a belief in any new form of government. What you wanted was the minimum of government; always less government. Liberty, what we believed in, now the name of a MacFadden publication. We believed in that although they had not found a new name for it yet. But what was the real one? What was the real, the actual, opium of the people? He knew it very well. It was gone just a little way around the corner in that well-lighted part of his mind that was there after two or more drinks in the evening; that he knew was there (it was not really there of course). What was it? He knew very well. What was it? Of course; bread was the opium of the people. Would he remember that and would it make sense in the daylight? Bread is the opium of the people.

"Listen," Mr. Frazer said to the nurse when she came. "Get that little thin Mexican in here, will you, please?"

"How did you like it?" the Mexican said at the door.

"Very much."

"It is a historic tune," the Mexican said. "It is the tune of the real revolution."

"Listen," said Mr. Frazer. "Why should the people be operated on without an anæsthetic?"

"I do not understand."

"Why are not all the opiums of the people good? What do you want to do with the people?"

"They should be rescued from ignorance."

"Don't talk nonsense. Education is an opium of the people. You ought to know that. You've had a little."

"You do not believe in education?"

"No," said Mr. Frazer. "In knowledge, yes."

"I do not follow you."

"Many times I do not follow myself with pleasure."

"You want to hear the Cucaracha another time?" asked the Mexican worriedly.

"Yes," said Mr. Frazer. "Play the Cucaracha another time. It's better than the radio."

Revolution, Mr. Frazer thought, is no opium. Revolution is a catharsis; an ecstasy which can only be prolonged by tyranny. The opiums are for before and for after.

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Portrait of a Business Forecaster

By John R. Tunis

American Business Service, Inc., with its slogan "For Investment and Profit" was the creation of Henry Schwartzkop. From humble beginnings he became a financial oracle. Mr. Tunis here writes his success story.

THE hard-boiled purchasing agent of the National Zinc Co. shook his head. "Sorry, Mr. Schwartzkop, I'm afraid we can't make use of your Service."

The gaunt six-footer beside him rose, nervously running a hand through his thick hair, thus disclosing the frayed cuff of a shirt sleeve too short for that long arm. He said nothing as the man at the desk began fingering the pile of letters under his thumb in a manner more suggestive than polite. Then suddenly turning, he walked across the room to where on the wall was hanging a photograph of the company's president.

"Mr. Whitney!" He moved the picture around so that its back was outward. "Mr. Whitney, stock averages today are at 56." Whipping a pencil from his pocket he wrote in a large hand: "Mar. 6, 1903. $56." Then he said, "My Service says the market is going up in three months." On the back of the picture he scribbled underneath the first line, "June 6, 1903. $66." Then he replaced the photograph in its original position. "Now, Mr. Whitney, three months from today I'll come back and turn this picture over. If the averages are up ten points I'll expect your subscription. . . ."

The man at the desk rose laughing. "Well, you certainly have faith in your Service, Mr. Schwartzkop. Come back and if you're anywhere near right you can have our check."

On June 6 he returned, to leave the office with the signature of the purchasing agent to a contract calling for a payment of $80 yearly, and National Zinc became the first big client of what was to become American Business Service, Inc. They are still on the books today. Conclusive proof that Henry Schwartzkop delivers the goods.

Back in 1903, however, he had no record of "30 years continuous Service to the investing public," to fall back upon as he has at present. Then he was a pioneer in the field of business research, a hardy explorer groping his way through an uncharted wilderness. That dramatic gesture by which he won his first big client was only one of a number of tricks that sometimes worked. Of course had his guess been wrong, he would have forgotten the National Zinc Co., trusting that he too would be forgotten.

To one looking back over the years it is hard to realize that the man who today is one of the financial leaders of the country started with absolutely nothing. His office at the time of that interview was in the back bedroom of a lodging house in Washington. His entire staff consisted of himself and his young wife. His resources were a feeble income of several hundred a year, and one other asset; the persistence bequeathed him by several generations of Pennsylvania Dutch ancestors.

His information was mostly obtained in the Congressional Library, or from a file clipped out of the newspapers each morning and evening by his faithful helper. For us who know Henry today and his frequent statements on business conditions which for years sent bears and bulls tumbling headlong into the market an hour after they appeared on the ticker, his hurried visits to the White House, his important speeches and his influence throughout the country, it is hard to appreciate his humble beginnings. Is it possible that from this sprang that vast organization of three floors in the big building on lower Broadway with its thousands of employees, its branches all over the United States? Yes, from the brain of one man. Thanks to his energy American Business Service, Inc., was born.

Not, however, without some terrible struggles. In those early days he used to come up to New York from Washington, sitting up all night in a day coach. Lunch and dinner he carried in a shoe box under his arm. On arrival he would take a razor from his box and shave in the washroom of the station. His noonday meal would be eaten on a bench in Battery Park; his dinner, the remains of his lunch, would be digested on the evening train, homeward bound. Those times seem funny now as he steams over the same roadbed in his private car en route to a month's golf in Florida. They were not so funny then.

Perhaps as much as anything Henry's success was due to the fact that he was keen enough to appreciate

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that he was first in the field. Consequently the rebuffs of which, like every one with a new idea, he had more than his share, meant nothing. In an informal talk at the Y. M. C. A. he remarked, "If doctors can tell what your health will be if you follow certain rules, some day we will be able to trace the future health of business by scientific forecasting methods." This item was seized on by *The Washington Post* and he was subjected to considerable ridicule, much to the distress of his wife, who showed it to him when he returned from an unsatisfactory day in New York. It cheered him immeasurably. Better to be laughed at than ignored.

II

Being new to forecasting and therefore cautious, Henry advised his small band to get out of the market in 1906. Not too emphatically, but plainly enough, so that afterward quotations from his bi-monthly *Service Letter* put into one hundred dollars' worth of mail advertising were productive of results. He now had sufficient funds to open a small office in a downtown building where the business was conducted with the help of a secretary and his wife. On the door was a sign:

HENRY P. SCHWARTZKOP,
FINANCIAL SERVICE

And under that, to the left:

J. F. SCHWARTZKOP, VICE-PRESIDENT.

It was about this time that he met "D. P." Dudley P. Rogers was a salesman for a large baking concern. One evening he heard Henry speak at the Y and was impressed by his sincerity and the unquestioned fact that he had hold of a new idea. All through his career Henry attracted men to him by these qualities and by his ability to admit mistakes and errors of judgment. D. P. admired the manner in which he stood up to the taunts and sneers of his audience, fought them back and eventually won them over. This chap had something! Accordingly he dropped in at the office the next afternoon and asked for a job selling the Service. How he got it was a mystery, for even with new clients signing up daily Henry's resources were modest. No one ever discovered why Dudley P. Rogers invariably received yes for an answer. But he always did.

D. P., as he became from the second day, had the rare knack of getting past closed doors, of seeing vice-presidents and executives from whom most of the world was excluded. If he lacked Henry's knowledge, his clothes were better cut and so were his manners. Of business and financial background D. P. had none. His assets were a gorgeous personality and a rare combination of tact and nerve, which meant money in the bank for his employer.

It was still Henry, however, who was the brains, the genius, of the organization. Henry first saw the necessity of opening up a small office in New York. This move led him to change both his name and that of the firm. "Schwartz" was better than "Schwartzkop," and "American Business Service, Inc." was better than "Henry P. Schwartzkop, Financial Service." By 1910 their offices in both cities were sizable and impressive; slowly his efforts began to tell. Or, as Henry put it, in the language in which he revelled, "The American business man is beginning to appreciate that guesswork in industry has gone. Today he realizes that the law of action and reaction as shown by our Businesschart of conditions in thirty-two cities throughout the country is the only sure guide to the future economic policy of his corporation." D. P., standing at the window while Henry was dictating, looked at him with a twinkle in his eyes:

"What you mean is, Henry, those geezers are getting wise to us, hey?"

If the statements of the president sounded boastful to an important executive, Henry would refer to the growing list of firms added to the Service in recent years. Already they were getting out a regular weekly letter on the market and a bimonthly industrial survey and Businesschart dealing with business conditions only. The company was increasing so rapidly that its main office was moved to four magnificent rooms in the new Metropolitan Tower in New York. New blood also was necessary before long. Then Henry began to build for the future.

Taking his young nephew, just out of college, and three of his classmates, he gave them jobs. Their task, after a stiff post-graduate course under Henry which lasted all one hot summer, was to circulate among the universities of the nation as missionaries for the Service. Because college professors, despite their scholarliness, are suckers like the rest of us. Everywhere the heads of the Department of Economics welcomed the opportunity (free of charge) to have a practical, expert statistician as a special lecturer to their classes—if only for one hour. Naturally Henry P. Schwartz the financial wizard and American Business Service were tactfully introduced into the canned speech. The professors were presented with a regular subscription to the A. B. S. Reports. In return for this subscription, which of course was intended for the files of the college library, the professor was expected, inferentially, to refer favorably to the A. B. S. investment program and prescribe at least one chapter of Henry's new book, *Forecasting Business*. Ten copies of the book were supplied gratis by Mr. Schwartz, who was an independently wealthy man simply interested in helping the youth of America.

D. P. laughed at all this. Good money wasted, he considered it. But as head of the Sales Department he

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had soon to acknowledge his mistake. For the results of that missionary work were plainly visible in a few years' time by the A. B. S. salesmen, as a new generation came down from college to work in their Old Man's firm. The Old Man himself, reared in a sterner school, would have no traffic with Henry's representatives.

"What's that? Businesschart? Barometer of Business Conditions? What's it mean, anyhow? We've managed to run this firm now for twenty-two years without any of that foolishness and I guess we can continue to get along without it," some grizzled old veteran of the industrial wars would retort to the sales arguments of Henry's go-getters. Here the son of the boss, sitting at a desk to one side, would often intervene.

"Schwartz? Is that Schwartz the Economist you represent? Know about him? Why, yes, Dad, Professor Smith up at college used to speak of him as the real thing. He's the coming business forecaster of the country. His Service is good stuff. Wonder whether it wouldn't pay us to take it and check up on our Western sales force. . . ."

Many a faltering transaction was revived and put through in this manner.

III

Just before the war another move was made to a building in lower Broadway, where, on the 30th floor, an entire story was devoted to the housing of American Business Service, Inc. Clients and friends were sometimes taken by Henry on a tour of inspection, an impressive voyage for the layman suddenly thrown into this sea of industrial efficiency. Leaving the hostess who held the gate beside the elevator, Henry would conduct you into a large chamber with rows upon rows of green filing cases attended by flaxen-haired odalisques under the direction of stern-faced executives. Then with a note of pride in his voice, "This is the statistical organization," and he would show you a battalion of young men bending over their desks zealously manipulating slide rules and working on paper marked off in red squares. Next came the mailing department with its multigraphing machines, its addressograph machines, and its air of seemly despatch; and from there Henry would lead you into another huge cavern where was housed the sales force, with D. P. in a small glass cubicle at one corner. In the adjoining office the investment counsellors sat in serried ranks talking into dictaphones like ghosts. Once past them, Henry in the grand manner would usher you into the throne room where the creator lodged himself behind an enormous table at a window displaying a panorama from West Street to Sandy Hook.

You wondered, as Henry conducted you from room to room, past platoons of clerks, battalions of stenographers, through luxurious offices marked "Research Department," "Private," "Executive Vice-President," "Chief Statistician," "Vice-President in Charge of Promotion," and so forth, up to the abode of the General Officer Commanding, how on earth it was possible to make enough money to run such a plant. Well, it was possible. The young statisticians, the junior executives, and the filing clerks were seldom high-priced or excessive in their demands; even with considerable sales promotion work and the cost of printing and distributing the Service, total expenses at this time seldom ran over $750,000 a year. By 1914 the subscribers to A. B. S. had reached the high mark of 15,400; a number that at $150 a person produced a revenue of two and a quarter millions, leaving enough to pay Federal income taxes and a tiny profit thereafter.

This low cost of production was an asset in making money but hardly an asset in selling the Service to the American public as Henry's sales manager pointed out to him.

"Yes, I know, D. P. It's a matter I've been giving considerable thought to lately. In my opinion we oughta have some Names in this outfit. There's really no one. What we need is a couple of really big boys, men with handles to their names. Give the sales force a talking point, some authorities behind the scene they can refer to . . . huh?"

"That's it exactly, Henry." This was one of the boss's good points, the way he understood the problems of the various departments. "You have the idea, the salesmen should be given a new talking point. Whom do you recommend?"

From the depths of his great wisdom Henry refrained from speaking; he shook his head in a noncommittal manner. But three months later Professor F. Kenneth Jamison, the railroad expert from the Tuck School at Dartmouth, and Professor Morgan Green from Pennsylvania, whose book on *Statistical Analysis* was the last word on the subject, were added to the staff at salaries of $20,000 apiece. Their advent was the occasion for a dinner to the sales force at the Astor with speeches by every one concerned.

Exactly as foreseen, these experts, with the lustre they shed over A. B. S., were a tremendous talking point for the company's hustling salesmen, but despite the depth of the professor's knowledge, they functioned less than effectively in the organization. Professor Jamison's remarks were continually wrong, his statements about government ownership and the future of the railroads antagonized some of the banks and the more conservative clients of the company, who felt him to be a radical. Professor Green, all through the spring of 1914, scoffed in every issue of the A. B. S. Survey (as the

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weekly industrial analysis had been christened), at the possibility of war. War? Absurd! Then when war broke out he showed by statistics that it could not last more than three months because none of the belligerents could raise money to fight beyond that time. This belief he held for over two-thirds of the opening ninety-day period of hostilities, and was persuaded to change his position only by the combined efforts of Henry and the four executive vice-presidents.

In short, the experts were not a success. They lasted, to be exact, a year. At the expiration of that time Henry was glad to pay them the balance on their three-year contracts and give them an extended leave of absence. The $30-a-week clerks and statisticians were by then drawing as much as $40 a week, but the president fell back on them with considerable relief. To be sure, they were not Names; but if they knew nothing they were aware of this fact, and although they lacked the ability of the experts to issue important statements, they also lacked their propensity for continually making mistakes.

IV

Time and events were ageing Henry. There were some uncomfortable moments for him during what we now laughingly refer to as the "depression" of 1921. But A. B. S. weathered the storm fairly well and came out of it stronger than ever. *The Bulletin* (as the weekly market letter was now called) got clients out of stocks too late; this, however, was soon forgotten when things picked up and profits increased. Between 1922 and 1925 the Service grew rapidly; what business in this country didn't? By 1927 Henry had on his books over 36,000 investors anxious to know whether the "new era of economic conditions" which Colonel Ayres and the A. B. S. statisticians talked about would continue until they could get out of that pool with a nice little profit, or what price Con Gas would sell for in three months.

"The market is following natural laws of economics and there is no reason why prosperity and the market should not continue for years at this high level." This was the sort of thing Henry's $40-a-week experts handed to the clients and this was the sort of thing the clients desired to hear. The sales force had then, as D. P. often said, "degenerated into order takers. There's no such thing as old-fashioned salesmanship as we knew it, Henry. . . ." It was a fact that many of the A. B. S. salesmen sat at their desks and sold the Service over the telephone without ever leaving the office. Like his sales manager the president was disgusted, but what can you do when a man is making money for the firm?

However, the real worth of the Service can be measured not by the quantity but by the quality of its clients. The list included all the biggest and best corporations in the country.

Curiously enough it was just before the peak of the bull market in 1928 that Henry began to have qualms about the business.

"Y'see, D. P., it's this way. I know we're all right now, because business is good. The American is an optimist. He wants to be told that things are fine and going to continue finer. We tell him. But suppose things turn sour. . . . No, I don't want to get out. I'd like to keep our *Weekly Survey*. That's sound, practical, useful. It deals with things done, finished, with business conditions as we've studied them all over the country, freight-car loadings, constructional activities, and so forth. That's one thing. But this doping stock prices. . . . D. P., I wish we could edge out.

"Why? I'll tell you why. Because the whole economic situation today is too intricate and involved. Things in Russia and Japan can affect us intimately in a way they couldn't thirty years ago. Anaconda was 165 today. Too high? Wish I knew. I might know if I could tell how the next British election is going to turn out. If they put up a tariff, down comes Anaconda. Same with Steel. What kind of a deal will Hoover make with Europe? What about crops? Our boys in that room with their charts and graphs are all right, but you need something more. You need second sight. And we haven't got second sight."

D. P. laughed at his chief. Merely another one of his indigestion attacks. Yet Henry was serious. Some weeks later he sent out a form letter to all clients asking whether they were more interested in the Weekly *Survey* of business conditions, or *The Bulletin* which attempted to forecast the course of stocks and bonds "For Investment and Profit." The response was immediate and unanimous. *The Survey* was "useful," *The Bulletin* was "necessary." And to a man the sales force, headed by their doughty leader, joined the clients in a strenuous protest to Henry. Was not their *Bulletin* quoted everywhere? Was it not relied on by private investors, banks, insurance companies, and corporations with a surplus to invest? His own sales arguments were used against him. The American public was in the market to stay. Cutting off this Service would curtail the greatest usefulness of A. B. S. To these suggestions Henry had no reply. His intuition told him the practice was dangerous, but in the face of opposition from his clients and his associates he was powerless to act. Like many a clever man he had become a victim of his own cleverness.

In the summer of 1928 there was a great shake-up in the firm, a "reorganization," as it was then termed in the language of American industry. Changes, shifts, and promotions were made to take care of the increase of business and to lighten the responsibility and the

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growing pressure upon the chief executive. Henry was made chairman of the board and Dudley P. Rogers became president of American Business Service, Inc.

V

The A. B. S. *Bulletin* of July 14, 1929, carried the following recommendation:

"Buy a little Columbia Gas & Electric for the kiddies. You may never have a chance like this again."

C. G. & E. was a high-priced stock then selling at 135, but many of Henry's suggestions were in low-priced issues, for he made every effort to reach the more humble client, at the same time not forgetting himself in the transaction. The method was simple. Every fortnight *The Bulletin* recommended for "investment and profit" the purchase of three or four stocks selling around $10 a share. The week before the advice appeared, Henry under another name would quietly put $50,000 into the suggested stocks. Inasmuch as a relatively small pressure of buying orders would instantly jack up these little-traded-in securities, he would take his profit of a few points and permit his clients to wait for that rise which might or might not come. The thing became complicated, however, when D. P., the executive vice-presidents, and others within the organization saw the possibilities of the scheme. Before long Henry was forced to hold an office conference in which he spoke severely of "our commercial integrity," "the confidence reposed in this organization," and the "high ethical standards of American Business Service, Inc.," ending with a ukase that no one in the firm should buy or sell any stock mentioned in *The Bulletin*. After that the issues chosen were carefully concealed, yet for almost a year it was nearly impossible to find a printer who could be kept from selling the advance information to good Americans eager for money without work.

Things had nearly got beyond Henry's control at this period. He saw the growth of the speculative mania and realized what it meant with clearness, but he could convince no one else within the organization. All through that fateful September *The Bulletin* was saying:

"Basic conditions remain sound. The manner in which the market has overcome what we have hitherto regarded as obstacles attests to its fundamental strength." This was on September 13. Two weeks later, "The advance in the market has been warranted by business conditions. We certainly do not advise wholesale liquidation during periods of weakness."

Whether Henry appreciated the full lesson of the crash, whether he foresaw a new order, is hard to say. Certainly no one else in the A. B. S. did! Because all through the fall and winter of 1929–30 the company was blandly optimistic. Thus on December 1, when the Dow Jones averages had dropped from $381 to below $300, *The Bulletin* was saying:

"This present dull market does not in the least alter the long-range view. Indeed it adds to the favorableness of the outlook." And on January 14, 1930, "We very much doubt whether the low level of last November will ever again be reached. We are unqualifiedly bullish on securities."

Eight months later the Dow Jones averages were off to $180 or about 50 per cent of their high for the previous year. But still A. B. S. was giving its clients the tune they longed to hear.

"Our averages of authorities' opinion continue to be bullish on approved stocks and bonds for the long pull." And early in 1931, at a time when the Dow Jones averages had fallen to $169, *The Bulletin* remarked, "Recent action in the stock market in its near term implications may well be considered more encouraging than otherwise. 1931 will be a year of improvement. An irregular upward movement ought to get under way in stock prices during the first half of the year."

You may imagine that this shaking up and these mistakes cost A. B. S. dearly. Quite the contrary. Subscribers actually increased all through 1930 and well into 1931. Henry's influence was still powerful, his dicta on the future were still demanded, his pronunciamentos were still quoted in the big newspapers, his cheery smile and his forceful speeches explaining why we would not go off the gold standard were still sought at Chamber of Commerce and trade-association dinners. Was he not Schwartz, the financial expert? Was he not a statistical wizard? Did he not invent scientific financial forecasting by which tides and waves can be accurately measured? Indeed so great was the faith of the American people in financial experts and their infallibility, in graphs, charts, slide rules, and analyses, that A. B. S. hardly suffered at all during the first two years of the depression.

As Henry wrote at the start of 1932, and as he invariably said in his important addresses:

"Those businesses that are soundly based on old-fashioned principles and that have been conservatively run will continue to make money as they have been doing in the recent difficult times of the immediate past."

Needless to say he did not mention A. B. S. as an example. He did not need to do so. Every one who heard him knew the company to which he was referring as an illustration of a sound, constructive business organization.

VI

"Who wrote this, D. P.?" His hand shook slightly as he read the A. B. S. *Bulletin* dated January 4, 1933. It was headed: "Golden Buying Opportunities," and

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went on: "The time has now come to buy selected stocks. Don't make the mistake of waiting too long. No bell rings to announce 'this is the low.'"

His face flushed as he read on. "Who d'ja say wrote this?"

"Young Drier."

"Drier. Young idiot. Why wasn't it given to me to check?"

"But you saw it, Henry. I have your initials on the carbon. Remember, that was the week you flew down to Washington to go before that committee to investigate the causes of the depression? You glanced over it the morning you returned, just before you took the Century to make your speech in Detroit."

"Humph . . ." He tossed the paper aside. "Well, we've got it coming to us. I've told those fellows downstairs not to be so positive. Told 'em until I'm black in the face. Do they pay any attention? No. . . ." It was a tired face now, was Henry's, a face framed by gray hair, interspersed with lines and wrinkles that showed the strain he was undergoing. "The fact is, we've been trying to do the impossible." He murmured it in an undertone, but it did not escape his friend and partner.

"Now look here, Henry, for God's sake don't lose your nerve. This thing is getting you. You're tired out, why not run away for a few weeks? Go down to Florida and shoot some golf. You'll meet old Babson, and I know what a pleasure that will be. Come on, Henry, you simply must get away for a change. . . ."

He shook off that friendly hand upon his shoulder with a nervous gesture. "Go away . . . with those imbeciles downstairs getting us into these holes?" He ran his hand wearily over his forehead. "D. P., I tell you I'm right. We've tried to do the impossible. No one could succeed. No one. That's where the trouble is. . . . Look at that shooting in Miami. If the man had aimed straight Garner would be President now. Who could have guessed that? Who could foretell such a thing, or know what its result would be? How was one to visualize France's refusal to pay that December installment on the war debt? Suppose some infuriated jingo tosses a bomb into the American Embassy in Tokyo tonight? What then? War? Can those young idiots down in 3180 with their charts and slide rules allow for events of that sort? Of course not. No, D. P., we set ourselves an impossible task. . . ."

"We've always done it fairly well, boss," said the president of the firm loyally to his superior.

"Certainly. Because most of the time we were operating on a bull market. And because ten or twenty years ago things were infinitely less complex than they are today. What threw us all off in 1930? The fall in commodities. And in 1931 . . . oh, yes, the Credit Anstalt failure, wasn't it? And in 1932? The moratorium movement in banks and mortgaged farms. All right, what will it be this year? Inflation? War? The breakdown and collapse of our credit system? I don't know. Probably something else we don't see now, something we can't imagine, something humanly impossible to foretell. Point is you can make trends in manufacturing and car loadings and bank clearings and electric-power consumption, and all the rest of it, but there are some things no one can cover in charts, and those are the very things that have a way of determining the future, of throwing all sensible appraisals of the situation completely to pieces. . . ."

A well-groomed young junior executive knocked. "Excuse me, Mr. Rogers, we're all ready for you at that sales conference in Mr. Barton's office."

"Right, I'll be with you in a minute. Now cheer up, Henry. See if you can't arrange to get away somewhere for a few days. It'd do you a world of good. . . ."

He left the room. The chairman of the board rose, kicking his chair aside, and went to the window. A rest. To be sure, he needed a rest badly, but how could he take it with things cracking up on every side? His mind revolved back to his early struggles, his former trials; to those weary moments when no one believed in him: all the worried days of the past thirty years from that little back bedroom in Washington to this suite overlooking the harbor; all his anguish, his discouragements, his perseverance, his long, slow climb up to . . . success . . . success! A funny world. Like honesty.

If he had only had the courage and determination to impose his will on D. P. and the more ebullient spirits in the organization. He wished he had been able to temper that kindergarten bullishness over the period since the break, he wished he had taken his clients out of stocks and kept them out, he wished he had persisted in his resolution to concentrate upon charting business conditions of the past, forcing them to give up the stock and investment bulletins entirely. As he had intended.

Below in the river the *Berengaria* swung slowly around and pushed her nose toward the Narrows and the open sea. He wished he were on board. Escape. He wished he were lying on a lonely beach on some lonely island in the West Indies with nothing but water between him and Land's End. He wished . . . he wished many things. But there was one thing he wished most of all.

He wished he was not in scientific financial forecasting, "For Investment and Profit."

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The first of three stories to be published in SCRIBNER'S *by the author of "Look Homeward, Angel" and a winner in the* SCRIBNER'S *$5000 Prize Long Story Contest.*

The Train and the City

By Thomas Wolfe

SPRING came that year like magic and like music and like song. One day its breath was in the air, a haunting premonition of its spirit filled the hearts of men with its transforming loveliness, wreaking its sudden and incredible sorcery upon gray streets, gray pavements, and on gray faceless tides of man-swarm ciphers. It came like music faint and far, it came with triumph and a sound of singing in the air, with lutings of sweet bird-cries at the break of day and the high swift passing of a wing, and one day it was there upon the city streets with its strange sudden cry of green, its sharp knife of wordless joy and pain.

Not the whole glory of the great plantation of the earth could have outdone the glory of the city streets that spring. Neither the cry of great green fields, nor the song of the hills, nor the glory of young birch trees bursting into life again along the banks of rivers, nor the oceans of bloom in the flowering orchards, the peach trees, the apple trees, the plum and cherry trees, all of the singing and the gold of spring, with April bursting from the earth in a million shouts of triumph, and the visible stride, the flowered feet of the springtime as it came on across the earth, could have surpassed the wordless and poignant glory of a single tree in a city street, that spring, the waking to life of the bird song in the morning.

Over the immense and furious encampment of the city there trembled the mighty pulsations of a unity of hope and joy, a music of triumph and enchantment that suddenly wove all life into the fabric of its exultant harmonies. It quelled the blind and brutal stupefaction of the streets, it pierced into a million cells, and fell upon ten thousand acts and moments of man's life and business, it hovered above him in the air, it gleamed and sparkled in the flashing tides that girdled round the city, and with a wizard's hand it drew forth from the tombs of winter the gray flesh of the living dead.

Suddenly the streets were bursting into life again, they foamed and glittered with a million points of life and color, and women more beautiful than flowers, more full of juice and succulence than fruit, appeared upon them in a living tide of love and beauty. Their glorious eyes were shining with a single tenderness, they were a rhyme of teeth, a red rose loveliness of lip, a milk and honey purity, a single music of breast, buttock, thigh and lip and flashing hair, a chorus of beauty in the exultant and triumphant harmony of spring.

In the backyard of the old brick house in which I lived that year, one of those small fenced backyards of a New York house, a minute part in the checkered pattern of a block, there was out of the old and worn earth a patch of tender grass, and a single tree of a slender and piercing green was growing there.

That spring, day by day, I watched the swift coming of that tree into its moment's glory of young leaf again, until one day I looked into its heart of sudden and magical green, and saw the trembling lights that came and went into it, the hues that deepened, shifted, changed before one's eye to every subtle change of light, each delicate and impalpable breeze, so real, so vivid, so intense that it made a magic and a mystery evoking the whole poignant dream of time and of our life upon the earth, and instantly the tree became coherent with my destiny, and my life was one with all its brevity from birth to death.

And always when this happened, when I had worked with hope, with triumph, and with power, and looked again into the heart of that green tree I could not hold the joy and hunger that I felt in me: it would burst out of its tenement of blood and bone like the flood-tide bursting through a dam, and everything on earth would come to life again.

I would start up from a furious burst of work, tired but with a huge joy pulsing in me, and suddenly I would see again that tree of magic green. I would see the evening sunlight painted without violence or heat, and with a fading and unearthly glow upon the old red brick of rusty buildings, and instantly the whole earth would begin to live with an incomparable intensity, in all its panoply of color, odor, warmth and movement. It was living instantly in one single and exultant harmony of life and joy.

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I would look out the backyard window and see the tree and shout over to the waitresses in the hospital annex, who would be ironing out as usual their two pairs of drawers and their flimsy little dresses in their shabby rooms; and I would watch a cat that crept along the ridges of the fence; and see some handsome women or some girls, taking the air and reading, as they lolled back at ease in big garden chairs; and hear all the sounds and shouts of children in the streets, the voices of the people in the houses; and watch the cool steep shadows, and how the evening light was moving in the little squares of yards, each of which had in it something intimate, familiar, and revealing—a flower-plot in which a pretty woman would work earnestly for hours, wearing a big straw hat and canvas gloves; a little patch of grass, solemnly watered every evening by a man with a square red face and a bald head; a little shed or playhouse or workshop for some business man's spare-time hobby; or a gay-painted table, some easy lounging chairs, and a huge bright-striped garden parasol to cover it, with a good-looking girl who sat there reading with a tall drink at her side.

Everything would come to life at once. The old house I lived in, its red brick walls, its rooms of noble height and spaciousness, its old dark woods and floors that creaked, seemed to be living with the life of all its ninety years, and to be enriched and given a great and living silence, a profound, calm, and lonely dignity, by all the lives it had sheltered. The house was like a living presence all about me, and my sense of all these vanished lives would grow so strong that I seemed to live among them as their son and brother, and through them to reach back into a living and unbroken past, as real as all the life that passed about me.

House, brick, walls, rooms, the old and worn woods, chairs, tables, even the way a half-wet bath towel hung from the shower-ring above the bath tub, the way a coat was thrown down upon a chair, and finally the wild and yet organic movement and confusion of my papers, manuscripts, and books—all seemed to have an animate vitality of their own, and to leap instantly into a furious and living design.

Everything seemed fine and wonderful to me! I loved the old house I lived in and the two disordered rooms; and suddenly it would seem to me that I knew all about the lives of the people all around me. Then, through the delicate, fragrant and living air, I would get the smell of the sea, the fresh half-rotten river smell, which would come to me with an instant and intolerable evocation of the harbor, the traffic of its mighty ships.

And this odor, with its exultant and unutterable promise of the voyage, would be mixed with all the odors of the earth and of the city. It was mixed with the smell of the ground, the fragrance of leaf and flower, and with all the warm, oily, tarry exhalations of the street. It was mixed with the great and glorious taint of city air, with the thousand smells of life and business that made everything palpable, warm and sensuous with life, not only the immense and tidal flow of life that passed forever in the streets, but gray pavement, old red brick, and rusty metal, old houses and great towers blazing in the air.

And instantly, an intolerable desire would awake in me to go out in the streets. I would feel, with a feeling of wild longing, pain, and joy, that I was missing something rare and glorious, that I was allowing some superb happiness and good fortune to escape from me by staying in my room. It seemed to me that some enormous joy, some glorious and fortunate event—some fulfilment of glory, wealth, or love—was waiting for me everywhere through the city. I did not know where I must go to find it, on which of the city's thousand corners it would come to me, and yet I knew that it was there, and had no doubt at all that I would find and capture it—that I was going to achieve the greatest power and happiness any man had ever known. Every young man on the earth has felt this.

And every child has felt it too, for when I was a child on the great plantation of the earth there had been no waste or barren places: there was only the rich tapestry of an immense and limitlessly fertile domain forever lyrical as April, and forever ready for the harvest touched with the sorcery of a magic green, bathed forever in a full-hued golden light. And at the end, forever at the end of all the fabled earth, there hung the golden vision of the city, itself more fertile, richer, more full of joy and bounty than the earth it rested on. Far-off and shining, it rose upward in my vision from an opalescent mist, upborn and sustained as lightly as a cloud, yet firm and soaring with full golden light. It was a vision simple, golden, unperplexed, carved from deep substances of light and shade, and exultant with its prophecy of glory, love and triumph.

I heard, far-off, the deep and bee-like murmur of its million-footed life, and all the mystery of the earth and time was in that sound. I saw its thousand streets peopled with a flashing, beautiful, infinitely varied life. The city flashed before me like a glorious jewel, blazing with the thousand rich and brilliant facets of a life so good, so bountiful, so strangely and constantly beautiful and interesting that it seemed intolerable that I should miss a moment of it. I saw the streets swarming with the figures of great men and glorious women, and I walked among them like a conqueror, winning fiercely and exultantly by my talent, courage and merit, the greatest tributes that the city had to offer, the highest prize of power, wealth, and fame, and the great emolument of love. There would be villainy and knavery as black and sinister as hell, but I would smash

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them with a blow, and drive them cringing to their hole; there would be heroic men and lovely women and I would win and take a place among the highest and most fortunate people on the earth.

Thus, in a vision hued with all the strange and magic colors of that time—a time which later somehow seemed to find its deepest meaning and fulfilment in the sound and evocation of the figures "1908"—I walked the streets of my great legendary city. Sometimes I sat among the masters of the earth in rooms of man-like opulence: dark wood, heavy leathers, solid lavish brown, were all around me. Again I walked in great chambers of the night rich with the warmth of marble and the majesty of great stairs, and that were sustained on swelling columns of a rich-toned onyx, soft and deep with single crimson carpets in which the foot sank down with noiseless tread. And through this room filled with a warm and undulant music, the deep and mellow thrum of violins, there walked a hundred beautiful women, and all were mine, if I would have them, and the loveliest of them all was mine. Long of limb, and slender, yet lavish and deep of figure, they walked with an undulant movement and a proud straight look of their fragile and empty faces, holding their gleaming shoulders superbly, and their clear depthless eyes alive with love and tenderness. A firm golden light fell over them and over all my love, but I walked also in steep canyoned streets, blue and cool with a frontal steepness of money and great business, brown and rich somehow with the sultry and exultant smell of coffee, the good green smell of money, and the fresh half-rotten odor of the harbor with its tide of ships.

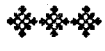
Such was my vision of the city—childish, fleshly and erotic, but drunk with innocence and joy, and made strange and wonderful by the magic lights of gold and green and lavish brown in which I saw it, given a strange and trembling quality and tone, which was indefinable but unmistakable, so that I could never forget it later, and yet so strange, impalpable and enchanted that later it would seem to me to have come from another life, a different world.

That vision of the city was gathered from a thousand isolated sources, from the pages of books, the words of a traveller, a picture of the Bridge with its great wing-like sweep, the song and music of its cables, even the little figures of the men with derby hats as they advanced across it—these and a thousand other things all built the picture of the city in my mind, until now it possessed me and had got somehow, powerfully, exultantly, ineradicably into everything I did or thought or felt.

That vision of the city blazed outward not only from those images and objects which would evoke it literally —as the picture of the Bridge had done; it was now mixed obscurely and powerfully into my whole vision of the earth, into the chemistry and rhythm of my blood, into a million things with which it had no visible relation. It came in a woman's laughter in the street at night, in sounds of music and the faint thrumming of a waltz in the guttural rise and fall of the bass violin; and it was in the odor of new grass in April, in cries half heard and broken by the wind, and in the hot doze and torpid drone of Sunday afternoon; and in the circus smells and sounds as well—in the ramp and reek of lions, tigers, elephants, and in the tawny camel smell.

In things like these and countless others like them the vision of the city somehow came alive and stabbed me like a knife; and most of all it came from the sight of one of those old motor cars with their rich warmth and redolence, their strong, sultry smell of rubber, oil, and gasoline, of old warm wood and deep luxurious leather.

And somehow, the dilapidated old ruin of an ancient bakery truck which gasped and panted by my mother's house each day a little before three o'clock could evoke these powerful emotions of wandering, and the vision of the city as I thought it must be, as nothing else could do. The sharp and sultry odor of the old machine, the strong congruent smells of warm worn rubber, gasoline and leather, touched my senses with a powerful and nameless excitement, the meaning of which I could not define, but which had in it, somehow, the exultancy of flight, the voyage, and deserving, and in addition to these odors of the machine there was the warm maddening fragrance of new baked bread, of fresh buns and pies, and of crisp new rolls.



Such had been my vision of the city when I was a child and before I had ever seen the city, and now, that spring, the vision was the same again.

I would rush out on the streets at evening like a lover going to a meeting with his mistress. I would hurl myself into the terrific crowds of people that swarmed incredibly, uncountably, from work—five million bees that hummed with furious sound and movement from a thousand soaring hives. And instead of the old confusion, weariness and despair and desolation of the spirit, instead of the old and horrible sensation of drowning, smothering, in the numberless manswarm of the earth, I knew nothing but triumphant joy and power.

The city seemed carved out of a single rock, shaped to a single pattern, moving forever to a single harmony, a central all-inclusive energy—so that not only pavements, buildings, tunnels, streets, machines and bridges, the whole terrific structure that was built upon its stony breast, seemed made from one essential substance, but the tidal swarms of people on its pavements were filled

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and made out of its single energy, moving to its one rhythm or repose. I moved among the people like a swimmer riding on the tide; I felt their weight upon my shoulders as if I carried them, the immense and palpable warmth and movement of their lives upon the pavements as if I were the rock they walked upon.

I seemed to find the source, the well-spring from which the city's movement came, from which all things proceeded—and having found it my heart rose with a cry of triumph, and it seemed to me that I possessed it all.

And what did I do? How did I live? What did I enjoy, possess and make my own in April, late April, of that year? I had all and nothing! I owned the earth; I ate and drank the city to its roots; and I left not even a heel print on its stony pavements.

And just as this tremendous fugue of hunger and fulfilment, of wild longing and superb content, of having everything and owning nothing, of finding the whole glory, warmth, and movement of the city in one small moment of my seeing, and of being maddened with desire, because I could not be everywhere at once and see everything—just as these great antagonists of wandering forever and the earth again worked furiously in me all the time, in a conflict of wild forces which strove constantly with each other and yet which were all coherent to a central unity, a single force—so now did the city seem to join the earth it rested on, and everything on earth to feed the city.

Therefore, at any moment on the city streets, I would feel an intolerable desire to rush away and leave the city, if only for the joy I felt in being there. And at every moment when I was away from it, I would feel the same longing to return, to see if the city was still there, and still incredible, to find it once more blazing in my vision, in all its fabulous reality, its eternal unity of fixity and variousness, its strange and magic light of time.

Sometimes, that spring, I would leave the city, going away just for the sheer joy that I felt in coming back to it. I would go out in the country and come back at the end of day; or, at the week-end, when I had no class to teach at the university where I was employed as an instructor, I would go away to other places where I had known people, or where I had once lived. I would go to Baltimore, to Washington, into Virginia, to New England, or among my father's people in a country town near Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania.

One Saturday, on one of these instant and overwhelming impulses, I went to the station, and got on a train that was going south into the State where I was born. This journey was never completed: I left the train that night at a station in Virginia, caught another train bound north, and was back in the city again the next afternoon. But on that trip into the South an incident occurred which I could not forget, and which became as much a part of my whole memory of the city as everything I saw that year.

It was this: that afternoon about three o'clock, as the train was pounding south across New Jersey, another train upon the inside track began to race with us, and for a distance of ten miles the two trains thundered down the tracks in an even, thrilling, and tremendous contest of steel and smoke and pistoned wheel that blotted out everything, the vision of the earth, the thought of the journey, the memory of the city, for every one who saw it.

The other train, which was bound for Philadelphia, appeared so calmly and naturally that at first no one suspected that a race was on. It came banging up slowly, its big black snout swaying and bucking with a clumsy movement, as it came on, its shining pistons swinging free and loose, and with short intermittent blasts of smoke from its squat funnel. It came up so slowly and naturally, past our windows, that at first it was hard to understand at what terrific speed the train was running, until one looked out of the windows on the other side and saw the flat, formless and uncharactered earth of New Jersey whipping by like pickets on a fence.

The other train came slowly on with that huge banging movement of the terrific locomotive, eating its way up past our windows, until the engine cab was level with me and I could look across two or three scant feet of space and see the engineer. He was a young man cleanly jacketed in striped blue and wearing goggles. He had a ruddy color and his strong pleasant face, which bore on it the character of courage, dignity, and an immense and expert knowledge these men have, was set in a good-natured and determined grin, as with one gloved hand held steady on the throttle, he leaned upon his sill, with every energy and perception in him fixed with a focal concentration on the rails. Behind him his fireman, balanced on the swaying floor, his face black and grinning, his eyes goggled like a demon, and lit by the savage flare of his terrific furnace, was shovelling coal with all his might. Meanwhile, the train came on, came on, eating its way past foot by foot until the engine cab had disappeared from sight, and the first coaches of the train came by.

And now a wonderful thing occurred. As the heavy rust-red coaches of the other train came up and began to pass us, the passengers of both trains suddenly became aware that a race between the trains was taking place. A tremendous excitement surged up in them, working its instant magic upon all these travellers, with their gray hats, their gray worn city faces, and their

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dull tired eyes, which just the moment before had been fastened dully and wearily on the pages of a newspaper, as if, having been hurled along this way beneath the lonely skies so many times, the desolate face of the earth had long since grown too familiar to them, and they never looked out windows any more.

But now the faces that had been so gray and dead were flushed with color, the dull and lustreless eyes had begun to burn with joy and interest. The passengers of both trains crowded to the windows, grinning like children for delight and jubilation.

Meanwhile, our own train which for a space had been holding its rival even, now began to fall behind. The other train began to slide past our windows with increasing speed, and when this happened the joy and triumph of its passengers were almost unbelievable. Meanwhile our faces had turned black and bitter with defeat. We cursed, we muttered, we scowled malevolently at them, and we turned away with an appearance of indifference, as if we had no further interest in the thing, only to come back again with a fascinated and bitter look as their accursed windows slid by us with the inevitability of death and destiny.

Meanwhile, the crews of the two trains had shown as keen and passionate an interest, as intense a rivalry, as had the passengers. The conductors and porters were clustered at the windows or against the door in the car-ends, and they grinned and jeered just as the rest of us had done; but their interest was more professional, their knowledge more intimate and exact. The conductor on the train would say to the porter—"Whose train is that? Did you see John McIntyre aboard?" And the Negro would answer positively, "No, sah! Dat ain't Cap'n McIntyre. Old man Rigsby's got her. Dere he is now!" he cried, as another coach moved past, and the grizzled and grinning face of an old conductor came in sight.

Then the conductor would go away, shaking his head, and the Negro would mutter and chuckle to himself by turns. He was a fat enormous darkey, with an ink-black skin, a huge broad bottom, teeth of solid grinning white, and with a big fatty growth on the back of his thick neck. He shook like jelly when he laughed. I had known him for years because he came from my native town, and the Pullman car in which I rode, which was known as K 19, was the car that always made the journey of seven hundred miles between my home town and the city. Now the Negro sprawled upon the green upholstery of the end seat in the Pullman and grinned and muttered at his fellows in the other train.

"All right, boy. All right, you ole slew-footed niggah!" he would growl at a grinning darkey in the other train. "Uh! Uh!" he would grunt ironically. "Don't you think you's somp'n, dough! You's pullin' dat train yo'self, you is!" he would laugh sarcastically, and then sullenly and impatiently conclude, "Go on, boy! Go on! I sees you! I don't care how soon I loses you! Go on, niggah! Go on! Git dat ugly ole livah-lipped face of yo'n out o' my way!"

And that grinning and derisive face would also vanish and be gone, until the whole train had passed us, pulled ahead of us, and vanished from our sight. And our porter sat there staring out the window, chuckling and shaking his head from time to time, as he said to himself, with a tone of reproof and disbelief:

"Dey ain't got no right to do dat! Dey ain't got no right to run right by us like we wasn't here!" he chuckled. "Dey ain't nothin' but a little ole Philadelphia local! Dey're not supposed to make de time we is! We's de limited! We got de outside rail!" he bragged, but immediately, shaking his head, he said: "But Lawd, Lawd! Dat didn't help us none today. Dey've gone right on by us! We'll never ketch dem now!" he said mournfully, and it seemed that he was right.

Our train was running in free light and open country now, and the passengers, resigned finally to defeat, had settled back into their former dozing apathy. But suddenly our train seemed to start and leap below us with a living energy, its speed increased visibly, the earth began to rush by with an ever-faster stroke, the passengers looked up and at one another with a question in their eyes, and an awakened interest.

And now our fortune was reversed, our train was running through the country at terrific speed, and in a moment more we began to come up on the rival train again. And now, just as the other train had slid by us, we began to walk by its windows with the calm imperious stride of our awakened and irresistible power. But where, before, the passengers of both trains had mocked and jeered at one another, they now smiled quietly and good-naturedly, with a friendly, almost affectionate, interest. For it seemed that they—the people in the other train—now felt that their train had done its best and made a manful showing against its mighty and distinguished competitor, and that they were now cheerfully resigned to let the limited have its way.

And now we walked up past the windows of the dining-car: we could see the smiling white-jacketed waiters, the tables covered with their snowy white and heavy gleaming silver, and the people eating, smiling and looking toward us in a friendly manner as they ate. And then we were abreast the heavy parlor cars: a lovely girl, blonde haired, with a red silk dress, and slender shapely legs crossed carelessly, holding an opened magazine face downward in one hand, and with the slender tapering fingers of the other hand curved inward towards her belly where they fumbled with a charm or locket hanging from a chain, was looking at us for a moment with a tender and good-natured smile. And opposite her, with his chair turned toward

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her, an old man, dressed elegantly in a thin, finely woven and expensive-looking suit of gray, and with a meagre, weary, and distinguished face, that had brown spots upon it, was sitting with his thin phthisic shanks crossed, and for a moment I could see his lean hands, palsied, stiff, and folded on his lap, with brown spots on them; and I could see a stiff, corded, brittle-looking vein upon the back of one old hand.

And outside there was the raw and desolate-looking country, bursting suddenly into flares of April—a tree in bloom, a patch of grass, a light of flowers—incredible, unutterable, savage, immense, and delicate. And outside there were the great steel coaches, the terrific locomotives, the shining rails, the sweep of the tracks, the vast indifferent dinginess and rust of colors, the powerful mechanical expertness, and the huge indifference to suave finish. And inside there were the opulent green and luxury of the Pullman cars, the soft glow of the lights, and people fixed there for an instant in incomparably rich and vivid little pictures of their life and destiny, as we were all hurled onward, a thousand atoms, to our journey's end somewhere upon the mighty continent, across the immense and lonely visage of the everlasting earth.

And we looked at one another for a moment, we passed and vanished and were gone forever, yet it seemed to me that I had known these people, that I knew them better than the people in my own train, and that, having met them for an instant under immense and timeless skies, as we were hurled across the continent to a thousand destinations, we had met, passed, vanished, yet would remember this forever. And I think the people in the two trains felt this, also: slowly we strode past them now, and our mouths smiled and our eyes were friendly, but I think there was some sorrow and regret in what we felt. For, having lived together as strangers in the immense and swarming city, we now had met upon the everlasting earth, hurled past each other for a moment between two points in time upon the shining rails, never to meet, to speak, to know each other any more, and the briefness of our days, the destiny of man, was in that instant greeting and farewell.

Therefore, in this way, we passed and vanished, the coaches slipped away from us until again we came up level with the high cab of the locomotive. And now the young engineer no longer sat in his high window with a determined grin, and with his hard blue eyes fixed on the rail. Rather, he stood now in the door, his engine banging away deliberately, slowed down, bucking and rocking loosely as we passed. His attitude was that of a man who has just given up a race. He had just turned to shout something at his fireman who stood there balanced, arms akimbo, black and grinning, as we moved up by them. The engineer had one gloved hand thrust out against the cab to support him, he held the other on his hip and he was grinning broadly at us with solid teeth edged with one molar of bright gold—a fine, free, generous, and good-humored smile, which said more plain than any words could do: "Well, it's over, now! You fellows win! But you'll have to admit we gave you a run for your money while it lasted!"

Then, we drew away and lost the train forever. And presently our own train came in to Trenton, where it stopped. And suddenly, as I was looking at some Negroes working there with picks and shovels on the track beside the train, one looked up and spoke quietly to our fat porter, without surprise or any greeting, as casually and naturally as a man could speak to some one who has been in the same room with him for hours.

"When you comin' back dis way, boy?" he said.

"I'll be comin' back again on Tuesday," said our porter.

"Did you see dat ole long gal yet? Did you tell huh what I said?"

"Not yet," the porter said, "but I'll be seein' huh fo' long! I'll tell yo' what she says."

"I'll be lookin' fo' you," said the other Negro.

"Don't fo'git now," said our fat black porter, chuckling; and the train started, the man calmly returned to work again; and this was all. What that astounding meeting of two black atoms underneath the skies, that casual incredible conversation meant, I never knew; but I did not forget it.

And the whole memory of this journey, of this race between the trains, of the Negroes, of the passengers who came to life like magic, crowding and laughing at the windows, and particularly of the girl and of the vein upon the old man's hand, was fixed into my brain forever. And like everything I did or saw that year, like every journey that I made, it became a part of my whole memory of the city.

And the city would always be the same when I came back. I would rush through the immense and glorious stations, murmurous with their million destinies and the everlasting sound of time, that was caught up forever in their roof—I would rush out into the street, and instantly it would be the same as it had always been, and yet forever strange and new.

I felt as if by being gone from it an instant I had missed something priceless and irrecoverable. I felt instantly that nothing had changed a bit, and yet it was changing furiously, unbelievably, every second before my eyes. It seemed stranger than a dream, and more familiar than my mother's face. I could not believe in

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it—and I could not believe in anything else on earth. I hated it, I loved it, I was instantly engulfed and overwhelmed by it.

I brought back to it the whole packed glory of the earth—the splendor, power, and beauty of the nation. I brought back to it a tremendous memory of space, and power, and of exultant distances; a vision of trains that smashed and pounded at the rails, a memory of people hurled past the window of my vision in another train, of people eating sumptuously from gleaming silver in the dining cars, of cities waking in the first light of the morning, and of a thousand little sleeping towns built across the land, lonely and small and silent in the night, huddled below the desolation of immense and cruel skies.

I brought to it a memory of the loaded box-cars slatting past at fifty miles an hour, of swift breaks like openings in a wall when coal cars came between, and the sudden feeling of release and freedom when the last caboose whipped past. I remembered the dull rusty red, like dried blood, of the freight cars, the lettering on them, and their huge gaping emptiness and joy as they curved in among raw piney land upon a rusty track, waiting for great destinies in the old red light of evening upon the lonely, savage, and indifferent earth; and I remembered the cindery look of road-beds, and the raw and barren spaces in the land that ended nowhere; the red clay of railway cuts, and the small hard lights of semaphores—green, red, and yellow—as in the heart of the enormous dark they shone for great trains smashing at the rails their small and passionate assurances.

And somehow all these things would waken intolerably the blazing images of all the other things which I had seen and known in my childhood in a little town, when the great vision of the shining city was living always in my mind, and was somehow legible, exultant, full of joy and menace in ten thousand fleeting things, in the tremendous pageantry of childhood. And in all I saw, felt, tasted, smelled, or heard then—in the odor of tar in April, and the smell of smoke in late October; in cloud-shadows passing in the massed green of a hill, and in the tugging of a leaf upon a bough; in the face of an actor from the city, as he walked cockily down the main street of the town; and in the smell of sawdust and of circuses; and of elephants coming from the cars in morning darkness, and the smells of coffee, steaks, and ham in the circus breakfast-tent; of old worn planking in a small-town baseball bleachers, and the strident voices of a barker in a carnival; in the smell of powder, confetti, gasoline, and hot dogs, and in the sad wheeling music of a carrousel; and in the flame-flares of great trains pounding at the river's edge; in the smell of the rivers, fresh, half-rotten; and in the cool rustling of the bladed corn at night; in walnut pulp, and rotting leaves, and in the mellow winey smell of binned and cellared apples; in the voice of a traveller who had come back from the city; and in the face of a woman who had lived there; in the drowsy warmth and smell and apathy of a little country station in mid-afternoon, sparking through brooding air the electric thrill of ticking telegraphs, and the oncoming menace of the train; in pictures of the Brooklyn Bridge with its soaring web of cables, and of the men with derby hats who walked across it; and in the memory of the songs we sang—in haunting memories—of "Alexander's Rag Time Band," "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" and "Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay"; of wintry streets where the bare boughs swung in corner light; and of closed houses, drawn shades, warmly golden with the lights and fires, and thumped pianos and the sound of voices singing; and in church bells tolling through a countryside at night; and in the departing whistle-wail of trains; the scamper of leaves upon the streets in autumn; and a woman's burst of laughter in the summer dark; in the great slow yellow rivers, and the broad and lonely light of winter across the land, and in a thousand images of the embrowned, desolate and wintry earth—in these and in ten thousand other things I had seen and dreamed and felt the city as a child; and now they all came back to me.

And finally I brought back to it the heart, the eye, the vision of the everlasting stranger, who had walked its stones, and breathed its air, and looked into its million dark and driven faces as a stranger, and who could never make the city's life his own.

I brought back to it the million memories of my fathers who were great men and knew the wilderness, but who had never lived in cities: three hundred of my blood and bone who sowed their blood and sperm across the continent, walked beneath its broad and lonely lights, were frozen by its bitter cold, burned by the heat of its fierce suns, withered, gnarled, and broken by its savage weathers, and who fought like lions with its gigantic strength, its wildness, its limitless savagery and beauty until with one stroke of its paw it broke their backs and killed them.

I brought back to it the memory and inheritance of all these men and women who had worked, fought, drunk, loved, whored, striven, and lived and died, letting their blood soak down like silence in the earth again, letting their flesh rot quietly away into the stern, the beautiful, the limitless substance of the everlasting earth from which they came, from which they were compacted, on which they worked and wrought and moved, and in whose immense and lonely breast their bones were buried and now lay, pointing eighty ways across the continent.

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Above the pounding of the mighty wheels their voices seemed to well out of the everlasting earth giving to me, the son whom they had never seen, the dark inheritance of the earth and centuries, which was mine, even as my blood and bone were mine, but which I could not fathom:

"Whoever builds a bridge across this earth," they cried, "whoever lays a rail across this mouth, whoever stirs the dust where these bones lie, go dig them up, and say your Hamlet to the engineers. Son, Son," their voices said, "is the earth richer where our own earth lay? Must you untwist the vine-root from the buried heart? Have you unrooted mandrake from our brains? Or the rich flowers, the big rich flowers, the strange unknown flowers?

"You must admit the grass is thicker here. Hair grew like April on our buried flesh. These men were full of juice, you'll grow good corn here, golden wheat. The men are dead, you say? They may be dead, but you'll grow trees here; you'll grow an oak but we were richer than an oak: you'll grow a plum tree here that's bigger than an oak, it will be all filled with plums as big as little apples.

"We were great men and mean men hated us," they said. "We were all men who cried out when we were hurt, wept when we were sad, drank, ate, were strong, weak, full of fear, were loud and full of clamor, yet grew quiet when dark came. Fools laughed at us and witlings sneered at us: how could they know our brains were subtler than a snake's? Because they were more small, were they more delicate? Did their pale sapless flesh sense things too fine for our imagining? How can you think it, child? Our hearts were wrought more strangely than a cat's, full of deep twistings, woven sinews, flushing with dull and brilliant fires; and our marvellous nerves, flame-tipped, crossed wires too intricate for their fathoming.

"What could they see," the voices rose above the sound of the wheels with their triumphant boast, "what could they know of men like us, whose fathers hewed the stone above their graves, and now lie under mountains, plains, and forests, hills of granite, drowned by a flooding river, killed by the stroke of the everlasting earth? Now only look where these men have been buried: they've heaved their graves up in great laughing lights of flowers—do you see other flowers so rich on other graves?

"Who sows the barren earth?" their voices cried. "We sowed the wilderness with blood and sperm. Three hundred of your blood and bone are recompacted with the native earth: We gave a tongue to solitude, a pulse to the desert, the barren earth received us and gave back our agony: We made the earth cry out. One lies in Oregon, and one by a broken wheel and horse's skull, still grips a gunstock on the western trail. Another one has helped to make Virginia richer. One died at Chancellorville in Union blue, and one at Shiloh walled with Yankee dead. Another was ripped open in a bar-room brawl and walked three blocks to find a doctor, holding his entrails thoughtfully in his hands.

"One died in Pennsylvania reaching for a fork: her reach was greater than her grasp; she fell, breaking her hip, cut off from red rare beef and roasting-ears at ninety-six. Another whored and preached his way from Hatteras to the Golden Gate: he preached milk and honey for the kidneys, sassafras for jaundice, sulphur for uric acid, slippery-ellum for decaying gums, spinach for the goitre, rhubarb for gnarled joints and all the twistings of rheumatism, and pure spring water mixed with vinegar for that great ailment dear to Venus, that makes the world and Frenchmen kin. He preached the brotherhood and love of man, the coming of Christ and Armageddon by the end of 1886, and he founded the Sons of Abel, the Daughters of Ruth, the Children of The Pentateuch, as well as twenty other sects; and finally he died at eighty-four, a son of the Lord, a prophet, and a saint.

"Two hundred more are buried in the hills of home: these men got land, fenced it, owned it, tilled it; they traded in wood, stone, cotton, corn, tobacco; they built houses, roads, grew trees and orchards. Wherever these men went, they got land and worked it, built upon it, farmed it, sold it, added to it. These men were hill-born and hill-haunted: all knew the mountains, but few knew the sea.

"So there we are, child, lacking our thousand years and ruined walls, perhaps, but with a glory of our own, laid out across three thousand miles of earth. There have been bird-calls for our flesh within the wilderness. So call, please, call! Call for the robin red-breast and the wren who in dark woods discover the friendless bodies of unburied men!

"Immortal land, cruel and immense as God," they cried, "we shall go wandering on your breast forever! Wherever great wheels carry us is home—home for our hunger, home for all things except the heart's small fence and dwelling—place of love.

"Who sows the barren earth?" they said. "Who needs the land? You'll make great engines yet, and taller towers. And what's a trough of bone against a tower? You need the earth? Whoever needs the earth may have the earth. Our dust, wrought in this land, stirred by its million sounds, will stir and tremble to the passing wheel. Whoever needs the earth may use the earth. Go dig us up and there begin your bridge. But whoever builds a bridge across this earth, whoever lays a rail across this mouth, whoever needs the trench where these bones lie, go dig them up and say your Hamlet to the engineers.

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"The dry bones, the bitter dust?" they said. "The living wilderness, the silent waste? The barren land?

"Have no lips trembled in the wilderness? No eyes sought seaward from the rock's sharp edge for men returning home? Has no pulse beat more hot with love or hate upon the river's edge? Or where the old wheel and the rusted stock lie stogged in desert sand: by the horsehead a woman's skull. No love?

"No lonely footfalls in a million streets, no heart that beat its best and bloodiest cry out against the steel and stone, no aching brain, caught in its iron ring, groping among the labyrinthine canyons? Naught in that immense and lonely land but incessant growth and ripeness and pollution, the emptiness of forests and deserts, the unhearted, harsh and metal jangle of a million tongues, crying the belly-cry for bread, or the great cat's snarl for meat and honey? All, then, all? Birth and the twenty thousand days of snarl and jangle—and no love, no love? Was no love crying in the wilderness?

"It is not true. The lovers lie below the lilac bush; the laurel leaves are trembling in the wood."

So did their hundred voices well up from the earth and call to me, their son and brother, above the pounding of the mighty wheels that roared above them. And the memory of their words, their triumphant tongue of deathless silence, and the full weight of the inheritance they had given me, I brought back again out of the earth into the swarming canyons and the million tongues of the unceasing, the fabulous, the million-footed city.

And finally I brought back to it a memory of the immortal and unchanging stillness of that earth itself, and of quiet words still spoken on a road. I had seen once more the huge and everlasting earth, the American earth, wild, rude, and limitless, scarred with harshness, filled with emptiness, unfinished and immemorable, but bursting into life and April at ten thousand places and somehow lyric, wild, and unforgettable, lonely, savage, and unspeakable in its beauty, as no other land on earth.

And all that I had seen, all that I remembered of this earth I brought back to the city, and it seemed to be the city's complement—to feed it, to sustain it, to belong to it. And the image of the city, written in my heart, was so unbelievable that it seemed to be a fiction, a fable, some huge dream of my own dreaming, so unbelievable that I did not think that I should find it when I returned; yet it was just the same as I remembered it. I found in it, the instant I came out of the station, the tidal swarm of faces, the brutal stupefaction of the street, the immense and arrogant blaze and sweep of the great buildings.

It was fabulous and incredible, but there it was. I saw again the million faces—the faces dark, dingy, driven, harried, and corrupt, the faces stamped with all the familiar markings of suspicion and mistrust, cunning, contriving, and a hard and stupid cynicism. There were the faces, thin and febrile, of the taxi drivers, the faces cunning, sly, and furtive, the hard twisted mouths and rasping voices, the eyes glittering and toxic with unnatural fires. And there were the faces, cruel, arrogant and knowing of the beak-nosed Jews, the brutal heavy figures of the Irish cops, and their red beefy faces, filled with the stupid, swift, and choleric menaces of privilege and power, shining forth terribly with an almost perverse and sanguinary vitality and strength among the swarming tides of the gray-faced people. They were all there as I remembered them—a race mongrel, dark, and feverish, swarming along forever on the pavements, moving in tune to that vast central energy, filled with the city's life, as with a general and dynamic fluid.

And, incredibly, incredibly! these common, weary, driven, brutal faces, these faces I had seen a million times, even the sterile scrabble of harsh words they uttered, now seemed to be touched by this magic of now and forever, this strange and legendary quality that the city had, and to belong themselves to something fabulous and enchanted. The people, common, dull, cruel, and familiar-looking as they were, seemed to be a part, to comprise, to be fixed in something classic, and eternal, in the everlasting variousness and fixity of time, in all the fabulous reality of the city's life: they formed it, they were part of it, and they could have belonged to nothing else on earth.

And as I saw them, as I heard them, as I listened to their words again, as they streamed past, their stony gravel of harsh oaths and rasping cries, the huge single anathema of their bitter and strident tongues dedicated so completely, so constantly, to the baseness, folly, or treachery of their fellows that it seemed that speech had been given to them by some demon of everlasting hatred only in order that they might express the infamy and vileness of men, or the falseness of women—as I listened to this huge and single tongue of hatred, evil, and of folly, it seemed incredible that they could breathe the shining air without weariness, agony, and labor—that they could live, breathe, move at all among the huge encrusted taint, the poisonous congestion of their lives.

And yet live, breathe, and move they did with a savage and indubitable violence, an unfathomed energy. Hard-mouthed, hard-eyed, and strident-tongued, with their million hard gray faces, they streamed past upon the streets forever, like a single animal, with the sinuous and baleful convolutions of an enormous reptile. And the magical and shining air—the strange, subtle

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and enchanted weather—of April, was above them, and the buried men were strewn through the earth on which they trod, and a bracelet of great tides was flashing round them, and the enfabled rock on which they swarmed swung eastward in the marches of the sun into eternity, and was masted like a ship with its terrific towers, and was flung with a lion's port between its tides into the very maw of the infinite, all-taking ocean. And exultancy and joy rose with a cry of triumph in my throat, because I found it wonderful.

Their voices seemed to form one general City-Voice, one strident snarl, one twisted mouth of outrage and of slander bared forever to the imperturbable and immortal skies of time, one jeering tongue and rumor of man's baseness, fixed on the visage of the earth, and turned incredibly, and with an evil fortitude, toward depthless and indifferent space against the calm and silence of eternity.

Filled with pugnacious recollection that Voice said, "'Dis guy,' I says. 'Dis friend of yoehs,'" it said, "'dis cheap chiselin' bastad who owes me fawty bucks—dat yuh intruduced me to—when's he goin' t' givit to me?' I says." And derisive, scornful, knowing, it would snarl: "Nah! Nah! Nah! Yuh don't get duh idea at *all!* Watcha talkin' about? Yuh got it *all* wrong! Not him! Nah! Not dat guy! Dat's not duh guy at all—duh *otheh* guy!" it said. And it would ask for information sharply, saying *"Wich* guy? *Wich* guy do yuh mean? Duh guy dat used to come in Louie's place?" And bullying and harsh it would reply: *"Yuh* don't know? Watcha mean yuh don't know?" . . . Defiant, *"Who* don't know? . . . *Who* says so? . . . *Who* told yuh so?" And jeering, "Oh *dat* guy! . . . Is *dat* duh guy yuh mean? An' wat t' hell do *I* care wat he t'inks, f'r Chris' sake! . . . To hell wit' him!" it said.

Recounting past triumphs with an epic brag, it said: "'You're comin' out of dere!' I said. 'Wat do yuh t'ink of dat?' . . . 'Oh, yeah,' he says, 'who's goin' t' make me?' So I says, 'You hoid me—yeah! . . . You're goin' to take dat little tin crate of yoehs right out of deh! You'll take yoeh chance right on duh line wit' all duh rest of us!' . . . 'Oh, yeah,' he says. . . . 'You hoid me, misteh'—an' he went!" In tones of lady-like refinement, it recounted romance into ravished ears as follows: "'Lissen,' I says, 'as far as my boss is concoined it's bizness only. . . . An' as far as Mr. Ball is concoined it's my own bizness (hah! hah! hah! Y'know that's wat I tol' him. . . . Jeez: it handed him a laugh, y'know!) —An' afteh five o'clock (I says) I'm my own boss. . . . At duh same time,' I says, 'deh's duh psychological side to be considehed.'"

And with the sweet accent of maternal tribulation, it admitted, "Sure! I hit her! I did! Oh, I hit her very hahd! Jeez! It was an awful crack I gave her, honestleh! My hand was boinin' f'r a half-oueh aftehwads! . . . I just blow up, y' know! . . . Dat's my on'y reason f'r dat! I jus' blow up! Dis fellah's in duh bathroom callin' f'r his eggs, duh baby's yellin' f'r his bottle, an' I jus' blow up! . . . Dat's my on'y reason f'r *dat!* Dat's duh on'y reason dat I hit her, see? I'm afraid she'll hoit duh baby, see? She bends its fingehs back. So I says, 'F'r God's sake, please, don't do dat! . . . I gotta headache' . . . an' then, I jus' blow up! Sure! I hit her hahd! . . . Duh trouble is I can't stop wit' one slap, see! . . . Jeez! I hit her! My hand was boinin' f'r a half-oueh aftehwads!"

Hot with its sense of outraged decency, it said, "I went upstairs an' pounded on dat doeh! . . . 'Come out of dere, you s of a b,' I says—Sure, I'm tellin' yuh! Dat's what I said to her, y' know! . . . 'Come out of dere,' I says, 'before I t'row you out,'" and regretfully it added, "Sure! I hate to do dese t'ings—it makes me feel bad lateh—but I won't have dem in my place. Dat's duh one t'ing I refuse t' do," it said. And with a passionate emotion, it asserted, "Sure! . . . Dat's what I'm tellin' yuh! . . . Yuh know how dat was, don't cha? Duh foist guy—her husban'—was passin' out duh sugah an' duh otheh guy—duh boy-friend—was layin' her. Can yuh ima-a-gine it?" it said.

Amazed, in tones of stupefaction, it would say "No kiddin'! *No!"* And with solemn reprehension it would add "Oh, yuh know I think that's te-e-ri-bul! I think that's aw-w-ful!"—the voice of unbelieving horror would reply.

Finally, friendly and familiar, the great voice of the city said, "Well, so long, Eddy. I'm goin' t' ketch some sleep," it said, and answered, "Well, so long, Joe, I'll be seein' yuh." "So long, Grace," it added with an accent of soft tenderness and love, and the huge voice of the city murmured, "O. K. Kid! Eight o'clock—no kiddin'—I'll be deh!"

Such were some of the million tongues of that huge single Voice, as I had heard them speak a thousand times, and as now instantly, incredibly, as soon as I came back to them, they spoke again.

And as I listened, as I heard them, their speech could not have been more strange to me had they been people from the planet Mars. I stared gape-mouthed, I listened, I saw the whole thing blazing in my face again to the tone and movement of its own central, unique, and incomparable energy. It was so real that it was magical, so real that all that men had always known was discovered to them instantly, so real I felt as if I had known it forever, yet must be dreaming as I looked at it; therefore I looked at it and my spirit cried:

"Incredible! Oh, incredible! It moves, it pulses like a single living thing! It lives, it lives, with all its million faces—and this is the way I always knew it was."

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Drama and the Jew

By John Corbin

Beginning with the vital spirit of the Yiddish Theatre in the Bowery, the Jew has come to dominate the dramatic art of Broadway. Corrosive, vitriolic, animated by the spirit of a separate minority, the intellectual theatre has now given itself over to the drama of acid intelligence. Is this a reason for the present state of the theatre in America?

In the days when William Winter was dean of American dramatic critics, a little French comedy of manners, by Alfred Capus, was produced in New York, which trickled the acid of mundane intelligence upon the then prevailing ideal of marriage. It presented a contrast between two "schools" of wives, sentimental and common-sense, showing that, though a man has a regrettably roving eye for feminine complaisance, he may still be a husband much better than none. Shades of Sheridan, of Goldsmith, of Shakespeare! Adultery discussed quite reasonably, without moralistic fireworks? Mr. Winter raged and fulminated —and, in fact, killed this chirping urban sparrow with his heavy artillery. It seemed disproportioned, and a very young colleague felt moved to protest in behalf of an artist's right to his subject and to freedom of speech about it. Mr. Winter replied with an article beginning, "Certain juvenile squeaks have made themselves faintly audible in defense of 'The Two Schools.'"

At being thus ignored as an individual the young man was annoyed. ("C'est le pluriel que m'empêche de dormir!") But he went right on with his pip-squeaking. In the Bowery the Yiddish theatre was already flourishing, and he used it as text and object lesson for Broadway. To begin with, our immigrant Jews were possessed of a deep delight in classical themes and tragic acting. That was astonishing, though considerably less so than it seems today. Jacob Adler and Bertha Kalich were artists of power and distinction, but we still had Irving and Terry, Forbes Robertson, Richard Mansfield. More impressive was the fact that, whereas Broadway was a mere dramatic suburb of Paris and London, these Yids wrote plays first-hand out of their daily experience and thought, and their public flocked to them enthralled and illumined. Even the tragedies of Shakespeare were transposed into terms of Yiddish life, so that not only Adler's Shylock but his Lear became a paterfamilias in what was still called the Ghetto. But the pip of the matter to be squeaked about was that in the Bowery there were no Victorian scruples, no conventions of sentimental romance and pink propriety. One play showed the working of the cadet system—a young girl debauched by the sensual glamour of night-life in Grand Street and clapped into an uptown house of prostitution. Among Adler's most popular parts was an idiot youth, in a play by Jacob Gordin, who lusts for his adulterate young stepmother and murders her in a sadistic orgy, the scene being acted down-stage in a glare of eroticism. Polite Parisian adulteries indeed! "Der Wilde Mensch" was what might and should be!

Already the business of the American theatre was controlled by Jews. Of the stock companies which for a century had kept the English classics alive, the sole survivor was that of Augustin Daly; and it soon vanished, snuffed out by the competition of the newly risen "syndicate" of the Frohmans and Klaw & Erlanger, and the counter-syndicate of the Shuberts. Against this "commercialization" of the theatre also the champions of the old order raged. But the prime factor in the change was clearly not mere greed but economic law. The local stock company was no longer possible. So soon as the continent was overspun by a network of railways, a successful production could find profitable audiences in every city and town. Actors' salaries rose rapidly; also the standard of luxury in scenery and costume. Playwrights here and abroad found the systematic commercial road-tour more profitable than a scattering sale of local stock-company rights. One by one actors schooled in the classics, from Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson to John Drew and Otis Skinner, became "stars," each at the head of his own company and in a position to command the most available new plays. Those who laid the chief blame on the syndicate were barking up the wrong tree. The significant fact was that the Jews had had the astuteness to recognize first a transformation in business conditions and, amid all their personal bickerings, were able to build up and maintain a collective control which was not only quite legal but thoroughly in accord with the prevailing tendency toward "big business." In brief, they were already proving themselves superior to Americans of

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the older stock in both the art and the business of the theatre.

To those capable of viewing it without prejudice, the situation held out a great hope—that a fusion of the art spirit of the Bowery with the business acumen of Broadway would eventually give us an improved and thoroughly modern substitute for our more or less artistic theatres of old. A single brief generation has brought that hope to fulfilment of a sort. There are still first-rate playwrights and producers of the elder stock; but, like the business of the theatre, the dramatic art of Broadway has come mainly under control of the Jews. A single salient contrast tells the whole story. Some twenty years ago a group of leaders in society who had developed the Metropolitan Opera undertook a similar service to the drama. The New Theatre was to do for the English classics and for the better sort of modern plays what the Théâtre Français has so long done for dramatic art in France. In two years it spent some three million dollars and then gave up in despair of assembling a capable management and of finding in New York society a sympathetic public sufficiently large. Meantime a group of amateurs who were almost exclusively Jewish, and who had little or no backing either financial or social, organized the Washington Square Players and developed them into the Theatre Guild of today, an institution universally acknowledged to be the foremost of its kind in the English-speaking world.

That is not, however, the whole story. The juvenile squeaks who looked to the Bowery to lead us into our promised land rested their hope on the fact that not only a modern and indigenous drama was honored there but also the classical tradition as regards both plays and acting. As to modern plays, the Theatre Guild does its best and has to its credit several achievements, notably plays by Eugene O'Neill. But these are of a type peculiarly untraditional if not un-American. Against another type of play, of which I shall speak presently, a type which is peculiarly and splendidly in the Anglo-Saxon tradition, it has resolutely set its face. Of the English classics it has produced not one, and this is apparently the result of a settled policy. A group of Theatre Guild directors were lately asked by an outsider whether they had any plans for reviving Shakespeare. The reply was prompt and supercilious, "No—why should we?" An answer to that question leads to considerations of psychology, of the modern mind and mood, which are as difficult as they are tempting.

Any conclusion founded on differences supposedly racial is peculiarly liable to err. The newly arrived Jews of the East Side have only a thin admixture of Semitic blood, being mainly Slavic. Jews of the elder migration call them kikes, which is not a term of endearment. That these Slavs have, and are developing here, a genius in the arts which is in some ways superior to that of the purer Semites is quite possible; but the question as to the relative merits of the Yiddish Art Theatre and the Theatre Guild has not yet been studied and at best is one on which outsiders should be slow to pass judgment. In the matter of religion there is a similar difficulty. In the old Bowery, Judaism was a thing of might, and it is still so to many of the subsequent generation. But, as in the modern world as a whole, skepticism is rife—and it seems to be peculiarly so among intellectuals of the theatre. Certainly the productions of the Theatre Guild have been least of all remarkable as a religious influence.

One thing, however, may be said with assurance: Between Jews and Gentiles there is a social fissure as clearly defined as any difference of taste in drama. Or perhaps it is more accurate to say that the difference is not really social, for our Jews have always co-operated valiantly in works of public welfare, but is rather a thing of what is called Society. Here also we have already a luminous perspective. In the days when the Four Hundred was a phrase to conjure with, a young observer of what Hogarth would have called its progress remarked that by the twentieth century it would consist of three hundred and ninety-nine Jews. One of his hearers was moved to ask why there would be so few. "Because," came the answer, "they will have to keep one Gentile to imitate." In the course of a generation the Four Hundred have become at least four thousand; the names in the Social Register more nearly approximate forty thousand. It may be said that among them is at least one Jew whom they keep to imitate. But as a whole Jewish society is still a thing apart.

If this social fissure is a result of race prejudice, it is a prejudice fully reciprocated. Most Jews who are prominent in our financial and political and artistic life prefer not to go out among Gentiles. One reason is that they find in their own society traditions and standards of intelligence in many ways higher than those of the four or forty thousand. To them the world of the Social Register seems as mediocre mentally as it is multitudinous. Far from finding it a thing to imitate, they find themselves bored. Some intercourse there is between those on either side who are moved by enlightened curiosity and liberal common sense, and some that results from intermarriage. But it is proportionately far less today than it was in the eighteen-nineties. The saying that every family has acquired a pet Jew is at best a humorous exaggeration. People of intelligence everywhere are as little prone to docile domestication as they are to docile imitation.

There are, however, deeper causes for this persistent

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cleavage. Differences of race and religion doubtless explain much; but it would be an error of the first magnitude to invoke them to explain a phenomenon that may be explained on other grounds. The fact of primary importance is that, not only in the Guild Theatre but on Broadway in general, the predilections of playwrights, producers and audiences alike are those of a people who find themselves cut off, or have cut themselves off, from the main stream of American thought and feeling. Instead of a sympathetic and well-informed interpretation of our life as a whole, one is all too liable to find a prejudiced distortion or at best an acidulous criticism of it. For years now, Jewish playwrights have repeatedly attempted the thing which Edmund Burke declared impossible, the indictment of the American people entire.

Among the Jews themselves, moreover, there is a cleavage perhaps equally significant. The Broadway of today is far as the poles apart from the old Bowery, even from its modern equivalent in the Bronx. Let us turn time backward and consider a whole category of plays once popular—a category best represented perhaps by "Rabbi Shabshi's Daughter" and "The Rabbi's Zirele, or the Beauty of Krakow." A lovely Yiddish maiden brought up in the best rabbinical tradition was seduced from her race and religion, going out into the Gentile world. There she enjoyed every delight of luxury, tasted to the full every intoxication of worldly wealth and power. The primrose way to the eternal bonfire was never so abounding in primroses. But always there was the bonfire. If our heroine was tragical, she died at last in sin and squalor, yearning piteously for the simple well-being and the pure religion of her people. If she received the dispensation of a happy ending, she crawled back to the Ghetto glad indeed to partake of its homely comfort, its sweet and sacred rites, and its austerity. The momentary appeal of luxury and power to the oriental temperament was frowningly but frankly portrayed; but oriental religion was something else again. "Ein Yid bleibt ewig ein Yid!"

For the Jew of modern Broadway there is no such humbled and pious returning. He dies as he lived, successful and unrepentant. And yet—ein Yid bleibt ewig ein Yid. Scarcely less than the Beauty of Krakow he finds the life about him alien and disturbing. He has gained the whole world but, as he would be first to admit, he has lost something. What is it?

For an answer we must look, if anywhere, to what we may call the Yiddish drama of Broadway—to its qualities and also to its defects if any. Since the advent of the Guild Theatre, and largely because of it, the dull and rigid taboos of the heydey of William Winter have given way to an open-minded intelligence on the part of both playwrights and public, and also to an artistic discernment, which amount to a transformation. Freedom of speech is all but absolute; no subject is now taboo provided only it escapes the vigilance of the vice squad. A public that once gagged at Ibsen and even at Shaw scarcely bats an eyelid when confronted by homosexuality and incest. Or, rather, it welcomes such themes with acclaim. For the happy ending, once held obligatory, it harbors a mild disgust even when, as may sometimes happen, it is thoroughly warranted artistically.

This change, as we have seen in the case of Capus and his two schools, was on foot long before the war, and it is now worldwide, universal. Novels and even movies have become, in the modern phrase, sophisticated. To flout sentimental romance and the soulful uplift is almost as much a convention as it once was to assert them. Almost, not quite. Plays in the vein of Galsworthy and Barrie still find an eager appreciation. But not in the Guild Theatre. That has a sophistication all its own, most strikingly exemplified perhaps in productions of Bernard Shaw.

For Shaw's corrosive intelligence, and for his japing of the Anglo-Saxon, the Guild has of course full sympathy. No play is too misconceived and abortive to be produced with all reverence—on the one hand the oaf-life ineptitudes of "Back to Methuselah" and on the other "The Apple Cart" and "Too True to Be Good" with their strata of profoundly tragic feeling submerged in spiritless tomfooleries. But there is one quality in the Shavian repertory, and to many it is the most endearing, which the Guild misses utterly. Shaw is not merely a satirist of the Anglo-Saxon but also a lover of mankind. Shakespeare himself has scarcely a deeper appreciation of beauty in womanly character than Shaw evinces in such heroines as Candida, Lady Waynfleete, Joan of Arc. Even Hamlet scarcely surpasses Androcles in elevation of mind and benignity of spirit.

To the Guild, all this sort of thing is terra incognita. If it endures in its productions, as it did in the Joan of Miss Lenihan, it is an achievement in which the stage direction has apparently no part. That showed its quality in the revival of "Androcles and the Lion." As originally produced under the direction of Shaw and his "right hand" Granville Barker, and as acted here by O. P. Heggie, the scene in the arena between the Christian martyr and the absurd, the Christmas-pantomime, stuffed lion, had a humor that merged unexpectedly, unbelievably and incomprehensibly, with saintly sweetness and heroism. It was as if one saw for the first time the spiritual beauty of the primitive church and the simple grandeur of its martyrdoms. In the Guild production all this was submerged in senseless spoofing, heartless stage-manager jokes at the ex-

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pense of the martyr—and of the play. A Gentile who happened to be present at rehearsal was moved to protest that what Shaw intended was a martyrdom and not a pogrom of Christians.

As the modern mood is hard-boiled so also it is erotic, thanks largely to the Freudian psychology; and here also the Guild has gone it one better. Much of its humor is no more crudely misplaced than it is crudely libidinous. In "The Apple Cart," the King and his mistress, amorously clinched, rolled about on sofa and floor in a way that would have made Shaw stare and gasp. The trick was repeated in an American play, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne as protagonists, until the Guild audiences themselves protested.

When acid intelligence tinged with eroticism takes the turn of serious art, the turn of tragedy, it produces results even more out of key with the traditional and still powerful American mood. As William Winter once invoked the shades of his stock-company Shakespeare, so one may now feel a certain nostalgia for the mundane common-sense of Alfred Capus. Especially when confronted by the works of Eugene O'Neill, long and deservedly recognized as the foremost of our dramatists, who is the mainstay and chief exemplar of the Guild's American repertory.

In O'Neill's earlier plays, largely sponsored by the Washington Square Players, he was still an observer of life; his tragedies had their mainspring in character well studied and clearly recognizable. Not today! "Marco Millions," "Strange Interlude," and "Mourning Becomes Electra" are powerful and moving indictments of our character but they are obviously not so much representations of life in the living as phantasmagoria gigantesque and wavering. Mr. O'Neill has denied that he embodied in them the Freudian formulas of character, and doubtless he had no such conscious purpose; but in view of the plays themselves even his warm admirers recognize the subconscious influence. That the latest of his plays is a conscious imitation of the Greek concept of tragedy is obvious in the title. But what a difference! Instead of the profoundly spiritual insight and moral courage of Æschylus, O'Neill leads us into a miasma of disordered will and neurotic despair, trickling the acid of the Freudian psychology of sex over the stolidly middle-class mood and character of New England. As exemplified in productions of Shaw and O'Neill, in short, the artistic bent of the Guild is corrosive, vitriolic—the bent of a critic detached and uprooted. No such things exist as faith, hope and charity.

That this mood and purpose are full-orbed and inveterate is all too evident in a list of plays which the Guild might have produced and did not—plays that found warm approval both critical and popular when produced on the commercial stage. "Outward Bound" was a parable of death and the hereafter. "Journey's End" was a portrayal of what war means to a man of mind and character. "Berkeley Square" was a mystical adumbration of the influence of the past upon the present. "Green Pastures" was a dramatization of the Old Testament as conceived in the Negro mind. All these plays were replete with humor; but it was a humor that was part and parcel of spiritual insight and that reached its highest expression in a mood tragically exalted. That is a thing very dear to folk who claim kinship with Shakespeare. It is not, however, the property of any race or of any religion. It was native and near to the people of the old Bowery and it has distinguished the art of all times and places as often as art has deserved the name of classic.

Of the many and signal services which the Guild has rendered it is not necessary to speak in detail; they have been long and universally recognized. If its quality has a defect, however, and if this defect has beset it steadily, it is of the utmost importance to recognize and to define it. Has there not been a certain blindness to the spirit of beauty? Of external and material beauty the Guild has given us abundance—the beauty of form and color, of costume and lighting, of architecture and of aerial space. But there is another beauty which has its home in the mind and the heart. That is a beauty far deeper, more universal and permanent, more moving—and therefore more vitally important to dramatic art. Is not the lack of it sufficiently explained by the Guild's sophistication, its acidulous outlook upon the deeper currents of the life about it, both Jewish and Gentile?

Even from the business point of view such an error is primary and fundamental. The great difficulty is to secure enough plays of worth to fill out a subscription season. A flair for what is at once popular and profoundly felt is an asset of the first magnitude. Not infrequently the Guild has found itself driven to dramatization of undramatizable novels—to "The Good Earth," for example, in the current season. Would it be altogether amiss if, in place of these, it gave revivals of the classics?

Without undue dogmatism it may be said that several of the pieces in the old repertory are not half bad. The fact has been pretty thoroughly demonstrated of late. "Hamlet" proved itself good enough to survive a production with the Prince in golf knickers and dinner-jacket, with Ophelia in house gown and décolleté. Likewise the rough Elizabethan humor of "The Taming of the Shrew" seemed human enough in the most modern of clothes. Among other things, these productions demonstrated truths which should be obvious but which are often forgotten. Best or second best, old plays have only

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to be produced simply and with conviction in order to delight the most modern; and if our actors will only play Shakespeare for all that is in him, and in themselves, they need have no fear of blank verse.

This stunt of modern-clothes Shakespeare will scarcely bear reiteration; but an effect equally easy and perhaps more enjoyable has been and can be achieved by using a properly accurate reproduction of the Elizabethan stage, and a properly artistic revival of Shakespeare's stagecraft. A demonstration of this was one of the few achievements of the New Theatre group. Their Elizabethan productions of "The Winter's Tale" and "The Tempest" pleased public and critics alike far more deeply than their most elaborately scenic productions. It is not true, alas, that no actor ever failed as Hamlet or Falstaff; but there are a dozen, perhaps a score, of old plays that may be relied on to hold an audience—if only they are produced with direct simplicity and acted with sound ability.

Though the acrid intelligence of our new Jewry is most comprehensively exemplified by the Theatre Guild, it has reached its highest development in individual instances and on the commercial stage. In "Counsellor at Law" Elmer Rice depicted the sad fate of a brilliant young lawyer who is brought into contact with the Gentile world through intermarriage. His wife is flagrantly unfaithful to him, and her social set hound him without mercy. In the end, thanks to his ability and character, he triumphs—and renounces a world and its ways which once seemed to him glamorous. Thanks to the skill of the playwright and of his leading actor, Paul Muni, audiences were held spellbound. But in retrospect one was somehow reminded of a certain story of bear hunting as told by a grizzly who enjoyed a full meal of sportsman. Such intermarriages present difficulties, are sometimes even tragic in their way; but, so far as is known, they have not yet eventuated in anything quite so melodramatic. A folk that delights in Shylock, however, and once delighted in Marlowe's Barabas, have little to say about race prejudice except that it is apt to be reciprocal.

One thing seems fairly obvious. When a people who comprise only a small fraction of a nation's population, and who hold themselves aloof from the main currents of its life, find themselves a major influence in its drama, the situation is fraught with difficulty and danger. Even from their own point of view it is devoutly to be wished that the fissure which divides the two factions shall be closed, the gaping wound healed. How far that is possible the most venturesome would scarcely undertake to say; but there are signs of hope in the offing.

The spirit of satire, even the most acid intelligence, is not necessarily race-conscious. It is certainly not so in the case of George Kaufman, whose vein has steadily broadened in scope and deepened in penetration. True, what chiefly provokes his derision is the intelligence quotient of Anglo-Saxondom. In "Dulcy" he aimed his shafts at the moronic young-thing, in "To the Ladies" at the equally moronic pretense on the part of our menfolk that they supremely honor American womanhood. In "Merton of the Movies" and "Once in a Lifetime" he pursued the moron to his native haunt in Hollywood. In "June Moon" he paid his respects to the writer and the public of the sentimental song of commerce. In "Beggar on Horseback" he derided that supermoron the rotarian. In "Of Thee I Sing" he successfully indicted our entire nation, at least as it appears in presidential elections—and thereby most deservedly won the Pulitzer prize for the play of its year which best exemplified "the educational value and power of the stage." His latest play, "Dinner at Eight," gives a picture of life as it is lived in Park Avenue which could scarcely be more mordant, more disdainful of modern society, but which preserves throughout the spirit of unbiassed truth. Almost invariably working in collaboration, he has been as successful with Marc Connelly as with Edna Ferber. So far as has yet appeared, his only care is that the indictment in hand shall be a true bill and that the resulting play shall be really laughable and otherwise worthy of attention.

It does not follow, of course, that the study of racial traits shall be taboo, or even that they shall be presented with impersonal detachment. Nothing so natural, so human, can be alien to the theatre, or require soft-pedalling. In this matter the Guild itself has given an example that should be fruitful, though it is rather left-handed. In "Success Story" John Howard Lawton (whose name, like that of Elmer Rice, does not mislead us) shows a character development roughly similar to that of the old Bowery plays about the Rabbi's daughter.

The central figure is, indeed, a young man, and the orthodoxy to which he proves traitor is quite modern —that of radical socialism. He is at first a very firebrand of revolt against the business world in which perforce he earns his living. But, being protected and in some measure controlled by a young Jewess who loves him, he holds his job and finds scope for his great abilities. In the end, the glamour of wealth and power transforms him. By hook and by crook, especially by crook, he wrests control from his easy-going Gentile employer and rises to a position of enormous and unrighteous power in the world of capitalism. Meanwhile he proves faithless also to the young Jewess whom in his heart he loves; he covets his employer's mistress, a flashy blonde, and forces her to marry him. But ultimately every triumph turns to Dead Sea fruit. As if in search of his idealistic youth, he reverts to his Jewish sweetheart. She repulses him, not because she has ceased to

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care for him but because he has killed in himself the thing she respected. Brutally dominant to the last, he resorts to force and she shoots him in self-defense.

"Success Story" is something more than a study of individual decadence. As clearly and vigorously as those old Ghetto plays, it depicts the tragic danger of contact with, and absorption in, the larger life of the Gentile world. By a curious coincidence, the two leading parts were played, and played with consummate suppleness and intensity, by grandchildren of Jacob Adler, Stella and Luther Adler. Just why the Theatre Guild preferred for its own boards a jejune stage mangling of "The Good Earth" and another of those jejune indictments, "American Dream," we need not enquire. It did, however, recognize its responsibility to the extent of producing "Success Story" through its junior organization, the Group Theatre.

The reaction in Jewish circles was significant. There was of course resentment that a Jew should have given to the stage a character of the Shylock type. Sermons were preached on the subject. But the prevailing opinion was open-minded and indeed favorable. There is a very real problem involved, and any capable presentation should be welcome. If race prejudice is to be overcome, the prime requisite is racial self-criticism.

Clearly we are dealing with a development in the American drama which is cyclic; but it is perhaps equally clear that as yet the cycle is by no means complete. In such matters, a single generation is a mere moment of time. It is, however, beyond question that the dynamic force in modern progress springs from the small minority of Americans who are of Jewish origin; and there is at least a hope that it will at last free itself from the blight, largely self-imposed, of social and intellectual segregation. Much will depend, of course, on the attitude of the Gentile world. According to an old adage, every country has the kind of Jews it deserves, and the same may be said of its drama. In modern Broadway the two problems are identical.

What is to be the result? For the present at least one can only say that, yielding supremacy in both the business and the art of the theatre, Americans of the elder stock have suffered an eclipse of what is best in their dramatic heritage—which happens to include much or most of what is best in the dramatic heritage of mankind.

A Message from Science

By Michael Pupin

The author of "From Immigrant to Inventor," one of the distinguished scientists of our age, calls for the development of leaders in the spiritual world.

I HAVE a short message from science. It was suggested by a conversation which I recently had with an old friend of mine, who is a distinguished classical scholar, and who arrived a short time ago from the other side on his first visit to the United States. I was anxious to know his first impressions of New York, and he seemed to be equally anxious to reveal them to me. He said:

"I shall never forget the spectacle which caught my eye when my ship entered New York harbor and revealed to me what I call the acropolis of New York. Its sky-high towers with their countless windows are certainly a bewildering sight to a man who has never seen them before. I could not help imagining that behind each one of these countless windows there was a watchful eye surveying from on high as if from a lofty watchtower the ebbs and tides of business in this great metropolis. The words 'business, business, business' seemed to be written across the brows of these cloud-capped towers. They looked to me like cathedrals of business; Gothic cathedrals, the pride of many European cities, must be very scarce in this modern metropolis. I have seen one, only, and it looked so tiny and so humble in comparison with its proud neighbors, the great towers of your cathedrals of business.

"The acropolis of New York reminded me by painful contrast of the acropolis of Athens which I first saw forty years ago. The ancient temples on the lofty brow of the Athenian acropolis do not display a single window. The spirit which resided in them over two thousand years ago never took a watchful interest in the business developments of the Greek metropolis. The Olympian gods to whom these temples were dedicated, had no love for the materialism of business operations. Their temples are monuments which will always remind us of the idealism of the classical age. Your cathedrals of business are temples dedicated to your captains of industry and finance, the modern Olympian gods of the materialism which you call 'business.' The spirit which guided the thoughts of the age of

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Pericles and of Plato would be a perfect stranger to the spirit which dwells in your cathedrals of business, where countless machines guide every thought and every move of the so-called big business. These machines have transformed this age into a sordid machine age. The crowning glory of the classical age was the idealism of Plato's philosophy and of the matchless art of Praxiteles. The crowning glory of your machine age is its worship of machines, the pagan idols which crowd every nook and corner of your cathedrals of business. These are the thoughts which were suggested to my mind by your cathedrals of business when my ship passed the acropolis of New York. These thoughts grew stronger at every one of my visits to this acropolis."

I did not expect that the first impressions of our American civilization as exhibited by New York would thrill my classical friend. But I confess that his contempt for everything which he had seen in our cathedrals of business, as he called them, annoyed me. He could not help noticing it and said:

"Please, forgive my bitterness and brutal frankness; remember that this mechanistic age has practically exiled classical studies from your and our colleges and other educational institutions, in order to clear the road which leads to scientific research laboratories. Is it surprising, then, that the mechanisms born in these laboratories are to every classical scholar like a red rag to a bull?"

"No, it is not surprising; I understand your bitterness, and I shall certainly excuse it. But, please, permit me just a few comments upon your indictments of what you call our machine age. We scientists have a different name for it. We think that this is not an age of machines, but of physical powers which carry the harness called machines. There is a fundamental difference between the views suggested by these two names. Let me illustrate: You say that in your visits to the acropolis of New York and to its cathedrals of business, as you call them, you saw innumerable machines. Of course you did; but you did not see the power which drives them. Machines are visible, power is invisible. During those visits you saw electrical elevators, incandescent lamps, telephones, dictaphones, and many other electrical devices. But you did not see the invisible electrical power which is the breath of life of these material structures; it is the immortal soul of their mortal bodies. The discovery of this immortal soul is the glory of our age, which you call machine age. Why not call it 'power age'?"

"Nobody, I am sure, will object to that," said my learned friend, and then he added: "But a mere change in the name of this age does not wash away the stain of its materialism."

"No, it does not," said I, "but it does suggest the thought that the materialism of this age, if it really exists, can perhaps be traced to some other source than to the physical powers which are harnessed in the service of this creative age. Permit me to say a word or two about this thought.

"On your next visit to those great cathedrals of business look up their power plants. Yes, I know that you have not seen them, but to your question: Why should a classical scholar wish to look at musty power houses? I have no better answer than to beg you to visit them. When you do, be not blinded by the sight of their huge steam engines, gas engines, and dynamo electric machines. That might prevent you from seeing the unobtrusive powerhouse fires. These machines are ponderous but cold and lifeless steel; it is the imponderable flame of burning coal or oil which gives them their breath of life. That flame is our primordial source of physical power. Remove it from this terrestrial globe and mankind will return to the primitive state in which it was before the Titan Prometheus had stolen the heavenly flame from the blazing chariot of the sun god Helios and brought it down to earth. This Prometheus legend prophesied, as you know, that the flame of the sun god Helios would some day lift up the life of mortal man to the level of the immortal Olympian gods. This prophecy has been fulfilled, and the greatest achievement of physical science is its uplift of humanity by the power of the flame of burning coal and oil. The time will come when grateful humanity will look upon this flame with the same reverence with which the Vestal virgins of the classical age looked upon the sacred flame in the temple of goddess Vesta. The ancients recognized that the flame had a heavenly origin and worshipped it. Why should we today with all our scientific knowledge of its magic power consider it a source of sordid materialism?"

My reference to the Prometheus legend and to the ancient rites of the Vestal virgins seemed to have made a deep impression upon my classical friend. He was all attention. I expected this, because I knew that even a classical scholar can be thrilled by science when it is presented to him in an attractive dress of the classical age. I was much encouraged by this success and I ventured to make another step in the same direction, guided by the following comment of my learned friend:

"Your comparison," said he, "of the flame of the burning coal and oil with the celestial flame which Prometheus brought down to earth from the blazing chariot of the sun god Helios appeals to me. But I do not understand how you can trace the prosy powerhouse fires to a celestial origin."

"I shall try to aid your understanding," said I, "by placing before you a bit of modern science which was imperfectly understood in our college days. I shall

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start my exposition by mentioning just a word or two about the process called photosynthesis. To a Greek scholar, like you, this name needs no explanation, but the physical facts which stand behind it need a brief description. It is this: Science discovered a wonderful activity at the boundary which separates the plant structures from the surrounding atmosphere. This activity results from the co-operation of solar radiation with the chlorophyl of plants. This substance is an organic pigment to which the foliage of trees and the blades of grass owe their joyful coloring of green. The chlorophyl with its countless pores catches the molecules of the atmospheric carbon dioxide just as a hungry spider with its invisible net catches the unsuspecting fly. Solar radiation with its irresistible blows splits the imprisoned molecules into their component atoms, carbon and oxygen. The oxygen atoms are returned to the atmosphere, but the carbon atoms are retained by the plant.

"Each square inch of a green leaf or blade of grass catches, and solar radiation splits, about a million billions of molecules per second. Multiply this by the number of square inches which are covered by terrestrial foliage and blades of grass and you will get a number which is as near to infinity as anything that science can figure out from actual measurements.

"This is the most fundamental process in the organic world; it is really a manufacturing process which practises a method of gigantic mass production, and its immediate product is carbon, destined for the upbuilding of plant and animal life. The cosmic factory employing this process is as old as most of our terrestrial hills, and yet it remained a secret for millions of years. The eyes of man never saw it, the ears of man never heard it; so subtle are the ways of the great artisan, called nature. But finally the eighteenth-century science revealed it. The carbon atoms which this cosmic factory delivered to the vegetable kingdom many millions of years ago rendered noble service to the creative work in the growth of plants and of animals and finally they found a resting place in the coal and oil deposits of our terrestrial globe. They carried with them to this resting place the energy which solar radiation bestowed upon them when they were torn away from their beloved partners, the oxygen atoms. There they waited many millions of years longing for a joyful reunion with their lonely partners. The flame of the burning coal and oil which you will see in the power plants of our cathedrals of business is this joyful reunion. The power of this flame is fed by the release of the energy with which solar radiation endowed the separated carbon and oxygen partners. It is, therefore, of the same celestial origin as the flame which Titan Prometheus snatched from the blazing chariot of the sun god Helios."

My friend, the classicist, seemed to be pleased with my explanation, probably because he thought that modern science had verified the poetic intuition of a legend of his beloved ancient Greece. He smiled, and I smiled in return, and when he assured me that he would enjoy some further eulogies of the power age, if I had any, I continued as follows:

"Some day," I said, "a Homer in science will dedicate an epic to the wanderings of the exiled carbon atoms, just as Homer of old dedicated his immortal epic to the wanderings of Ulysses. Every line of that modern epic will glorify the mission of the wandering carbon atoms, carrying heat and power to every nook and corner of the organic world, and even to the tiniest cells of organic structures, just as the electrical current carries light and power to every nook and corner of our cathedrals of business. It will glorify the flame of reunion of the carbon in our blood with the oxygen of the atmosphere, because this is the flame of our physical life just as the flame of the powerhouse fires is the flame of life of the cold and lifeless steel in the powerhouse machines. It will glorify the exalted place of honor which carbon holds in the advancement of mankind. The epic will undoubtedly tell us that diamond, the purest of all carbon creations, is more precious than any other precious stone on this terrestrial globe, because it is the most beautiful symbol of our age of power.

"The service which carbon renders to organic structures bears the closest resemblance to the service which in this age of power carbon renders to mankind. As soon as science had unravelled the meaning of carbon's service in the organic world it could not help learning how to extend that service to the life of human society, and this knowledge gave us the glorious power age of today. This, briefly stated, is the genesis of our power age. It is not a transient creation of the human brain; its coming was foreordained millions of years ago when the earth was still young and man had not yet appeared on the face of this terrestrial globe. Its operations are crude imitations only of the power operations which have been at work in the structures of the organic world ever since the power of solar radiation began to aid the evolution of life on this terrestrial globe. Nothing in the genesis of the power age reveals the slightest trace of sordid materialism."

My friend, the classical scholar, seemed to be much calmer than he was in the beginning of our conversation. As if anxious to dispel some doubts which were still lingering in his mind he asked me the following question:

"If physical science and engineering are not responsible for our present materialism, who is?" I gladly answered: "We all admit that there is an ugly taint of materialism in our present civilization, but why charge it

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against scientists and engineers? Their life mission is to search for morsels of the eternal truth in the physical world. The most tangible rewards of this search are the discoveries of the laws which govern the action of physical powers and of the means of harnessing these powers in the service of mankind. Every machine is such a harness; it is a visible record of some new morsel of the eternal truth. The dynamo-electric machine, for instance, testifies that Faraday, a hundred years ago, discovered a new morsel of the eternal truth; this morsel he called *electro-magnetic induction.* The gas engine which drives our automobiles and flying machines testifies that Carnot, and other physical scientists of the nineteenth century, in their search for morsels of the eternal truth, discovered the laws which govern the action of the power of heat. These morsels are our most precious treasures in the physical world. Without these treasures mankind would never have raised the beautiful material structure of our modern civilization. An utter lack of understanding of the meaning of this material structure is responsible for the belief that it hides the source of modern materialism. This source is much deeper than the deepest foundation of any material structure raised by the genius of man. It is in the deepest depths of the human soul where selfishness and greed, hatred and fear, have invaded the very habitation which the soul of man had reserved for the nursery of its celestial twins: beauty and goodness.

"These favorite children of our soul reveal to us the world in which Praxiteles and Raphael lived when they presented to mankind their immortal art. It is the world of Homer and Milton. This is the world in which Beethoven first heard his heavenly melodies. In such a world toiled the tireless chisels of the pious artisans who carved the Gothic cathedrals of the middle ages. From such a world came the voice which sounded the command: 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and love thy neighbor as thyself.' This is the spiritual world. It is outside of the boundaries of the physical world in which the scientist and the engineer are devoting their lives to the exalted mission of strengthening the material foundations of our civilization. The powers discovered and harnessed by them have no control over the spiritual world. These powers cannot banish the demons of materialism from the habitation which the soul of man had reserved for her favorite offspring, beauty and goodness. The spiritual powers of the human heart are the only powers which are destined to banish them and to exterminate selfishness and greed, hatred and fear, from the soul of man. But who can arouse these dormant powers of the human heart and develop their irresistible force? Not the scientists and engineers, the leaders of the physical world. We must have similar leaders in the spiritual world. It is the highest mission of our civilization to find and to train such leaders and to aid them in their gigantic task of delivering the soul of man from the demons of materialism. The family and the school, the college and the university, and above all the church are called upon to carry the burdens of this sacred mission. They will receive every aid which science and engineering can give and are already giving today. This is my Message from Science."

EARLY SPRING

By Philippa Galloway

THE fire leaps and falls; outside, the birds
Sing in the cold gray dusk of early Spring.
Again, again their sharp sweet twittering,
Their flights of tune, their little piercing words
Like shining knives sever the gloom and come
In shafts of sound to drown the fire's song.
But Bright and wild the gay flames leap and throng,
The wood whistles and crackles and the gum
Drips sizzling down in golden amber drops,
Sing, Birds, sing on!—and fire burn more bright!
But hush! the fire sinks, the bird-song stops—
And Night comes creeping, dark and cold and still;
Frost shivers on the grass and trees and props
A tiny frozen leaf, stark on the window-sill.

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France—the Reactionary Republic

By Robert Briffault

In their realistic but world-weary stand for nationalism, the French appear a bulwark against modern world forces. These forces, Doctor Briffault believes (and Christian Gauss agrees with him in his article in this number) are inevitably breaking through old boundaries. What part will France finally play in suggested world unions for peace?

I HAVE seen Paris when it still bore the scars of the Franco-German War; I have known it in the years between, in the tense days of Armageddon, and in the hour of triumph. But no change that I have witnessed has been more marked than that presented by the "Ville Lumière" today, when it is enjoying a European hegemony which fulfils the most sanguine Gallic dream. Never did triumph wear so incongruous a mien. Paris looks rather like the capital of a defeated and hardpressed nation than of one which is able to dictate to Europe. Not only does it exhibit none of the buoyant brilliancy of its former days of glory, but it wears an aspect more chastened and subdued, not to say decayed, than at any time during the long years of political depression and humiliation. It is, in fact, suffering from a greater devastation than any wrought by the siege of 1871 or by Big Bertha. It is suffering from the first gusts of the economic cyclone.

Americans need, unfortunately, no description of the outward symptoms—notices of receiver's sales, luxury shops closed or about to close down, anxious managers on the doorstep scanning the horizon for the sight of a millionaire. Some restaurants that were world-famed landmarks have vanished; others that were too exclusive to put out a sign exhibit notices announcing meals at popular rates. The efforts of cabarets and "boîtes" to provide a factitious gaiety have about them something pathetic, so evident is the anxiety to attract the shy foreigner. The pavement of the boulevard has assumed a decency without precedent in its record. The "accrocheuses" appear to have gone into retreat or out of business. The Parisian crowd lacks its habitual vivacity; the city and the people wear a sober and deflated look. The symptoms are not yet as pronounced as in America; France is still relatively the least unprosperous of countries. Owing to local conditions and police regulations, beggars are not so much in evidence as in New York, but a stalwart and respectable-looking workingman will occasionally accost one furtively, and ask for the price of a cup of coffee.

As in America and elsewhere, the interpretation of those now familiar symptoms involves the whole of our standards of evaluation. Do they spell decadence? The Spanish philosopher Ortéga y Gasset was lately contesting the view currently whispered, if less commonly set down in cold print, that Europe is in process of decadence. What tangible grounds, he asks, can, after all, be put forward for the verdict?

Decadence is, of course, a vague and relative conception. It is a phenomenon to be properly perceived in a historical perspective only. The Romans of the fifth century did not, in general, perceive or admit decadence, conspicuously as the fact shows up in retrospect. But our historical insight should be clearer than the Romans'. Concrete facts are, for that matter, not wanting. Lord Lloyd, speaking the other day at a Conservative dinner, sought to lay down such facts, so far as England is concerned, in tangible form. "We entered the War," he said, "as the greatest sea-power and air-power, and with incomparably the most efficient and competent land army." Today, he went on to say, England "has no mastery of the seas, we are fifth in air power, and our Expeditionary force could scarcely garrison our over-seas coasts." He spoke of the change as a decline "without parallel in history."

Military power may not be the sole, nor the essential, measure of national rise and wane. Yet, political forces being what they are, the means of which a nation disposes to back its will, which has generally been correlated with the degree of vitality of political states, military power still remains to a large extent its measure. But the present position of France offers a strange and striking comment upon that age-long standard. For close on half-a-century after her crushing defeat by Germany, humiliated France occupied a questionable political status as at best a third-rate power. What prestige she retained was largely sentimental. Today she is restored, politically, strategically, economically, to a position of European dominance which she has not held for over a century. Her prepotence in relation to other European states is more unchallenged than it was under Napoleon, more solid than under Louis XIV. Her two

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great historical rivals lie prostrate. Germany is disarmed; England is in the condition described by Lord Lloyd. Yet her exaltation is fraught with more anxiety than was her prostration.

France nurses her military supremacy with nervous fervor. The gaudy parade uniforms, somewhat suggestive, in these days, of musical comedy, are ubiquitous; the tramp of troops, the clatter of cavalry squadrons impart to Paris the bustle of an armed camp. The late Boncour cabinet was openly hailed as the instrument of the General Staff. The meeting at which it was formed closed amid cries of *"Vive l'armée!"* "The army," a deputy said in the Chamber, "is the hope and salvation of menaced society, the bulwark against the revolutionary peril which threatens Europe." Some days ago an educational society issued a pamphlet protesting against the literature which is being issued for use in the primary public schools. It quoted unbelievably gruesome descriptions glorifying in truculent language the most blood-curdling aspects of war—veritable literary bayonet exercises—provided by the government for the edification of infants. The pamphlet was suppressed as treasonable. As I write, a conference of the military chiefs of the Little Entente is being held at Belgrade under the presidency of the French staff. Its ostensible object is to correlate the policy to be adopted at the disarmament conference. The only question which has been so far discussed is the correlation of armed forces and of strategy on the day of mobilization. On the northern border of French Tonkin a large concentration of troops is taking place in view of "danger from the communist armies of Southern China."

The sabre-rattling of militarism is not, however, as formerly, an expression of imperialistic ambitions and hunger for conquest. Modern militarism is confessedly inspired by anxiety and dread. The anxious efforts of France to maintain and consolidate her military supremacy are honestly innocent of schemes of aggrandizement. They have their roots in utter scepticism with regard to the fine phrases of liberal pacifism, in derisive contempt for the ignominious farce of Geneva, in the conviction that a world organized as a system of competing nations can know no peace that is not a precarious breathing-space. The next war at no distant date is taken for granted as something which does not admit of discussion. French militarism has shed its old glamorous cult of "la gloire." It is not inspired by any illusions of glamour. It is avowedly founded upon stark fear.

A dialectician, such as Señor Ortega, may legitimately claim that neither military nor economic conditions constitute final tests of decadence. The vigor and vitality of nations have more than once been most conspicuous in defeat and famine. It was not in the dark hour of Cannæ that Rome proved decadent. French nationalism never showed to better advantage—I am quoting the remark of a German—than after Sédan under the leadership of Gambetta. Economic conditions are, we have been abundantly assured, subject to transitory tribulations. If the concept of decadence be admitted, it is to the deeper facts of mind and culture that it properly applies.

The theory that mind and culture are ultimately determined by economic conditions is now accepted by many who are far from being Marxists. But whether economic conditions determine mental conditions, or vice versa, whether the egg is prior to the hen, or the hen to the egg, comes to much the same. The fact is that all aspects of a social whole which are distinguished by analysis are in reality indissolubly correlated.

How does the realistic and logically disposed French mind react to the present unprecedented situation? It is not as prone as is the Anglo-Saxon or the Teutonic mind to bask in abstract sentiments. It is not easily put off with inspiring demagogic phrases appealing to moral emotions.

The economic situation arises mainly from stoppage of the world-trade which was the chief source of capitalistic wealth-production. Industrial expansion having reached the saturation point, capitalistic enterprises cannot thrive by taking in one another's washing. Dwindling interest, in turn, freezes capital, and the paralysis is thus intensified in a vicious circle of geometric progression. The woollen stockings of the French peasant are said to contain a hoard of $560,000,000. The French financial experts are doing like the peasants; they are hoarding gold. One is reminded of a time, three or four centuries ago, when the dominant imperial power of the day, Spain, held the same simple economic theories. It amassed the greater part of the world's gold—only to discover that gold, except in conjunction with trade, is worthless. It starved and went to pieces amid mountains of gold.

Foreign trade having ceased to be a means of subsistence, the most obvious manner of making the best of a bad job is to aim at national self-sufficiency. In the same fashion as the intensification of militarism is inspired by concern for national safety rather than by desire for expansion, so economic interests have in view internal consolidation rather than unattainable foreign markets. National systems are thus, like alarmed snails, withdrawing deeper and deeper within the coils of their shells.

French realism is clear-eyed enough to perceive that to abolish the menace of certain war would mean no less than the abolishing of sovereign states, including

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France and her coign of vantage. There is consequently no alternative other than stark militarism.

Similarly the present economic disorder could, as every competent thinker has concluded, be amended only by amending out of existence the present economic order. Just as there is no logical alternative to national abdication except thoroughgoing militarism, so there is no logical alternative to capitalistic abdication except thoroughgoing reaction and repression. The French are consistently logical when they shrug their shoulders over the muddled pretenses of a sanctimonious liberalism which vainly seeks to evade the horns of those dilemmas.

Either interest on capital must be cut down to a point which would deprive the economic order of any motive for carrying on, or staffs and wages have to be cut down. The latter alternative is adopted with resolute courage. Drastic slashes have been effected in all wages and salaries, not only in private enterprises, but in all government departments, which, in France, include the railways and many other public services. The government has just put forward a new programme of further extensive economies which will reduce staffs and wages, and increase unemployment and poverty.

That unavoidable necessity calls, in turn, for vigorous repression of the dissatisfaction which it may cause. Concurrently with the proposed economies, the government, supported by the socialist party, is asking for a vote of 188,000,000 francs for secret police expenditure. All public meetings, gatherings, demonstrations, processions are forbidden within the city of Paris. On the same day that France repudiated the current instalment of the American debt several thousands of government workers and employees, gathering together in small groups, concentrated from all quarters toward the centre of the city. The demonstration was studiedly peaceful and orderly. But 1300 arrests were effected. Not one line about the matter appeared in any of the leading French papers, although all traffic, at the Place de l'Opéra, the Palais Royal, the Boulevard Haussmann, was held up for several hours and the "metro" service stopped. Extensive strikes of dockers were paralyzing the shipping at Dunkerque, Havre, Brest, and Bordeaux. Belgium, Dutch, and American sailors were refusing to help as strikebreakers. The port of Dunkerque was completely bottled up. Repression has been particularly ferocious in Algeria, where native labor has made common cause with the French workers. The prisons are overflowing, and all proposals of amnesty are rejected by the government.

Those measures are indispensable for the control of the situation. The French authorities show admirable energy and foresight. Whenever possible the arrest of potential disturbers of the peace is effected as a preventive precaution; by thus closing the stable door before the horse has escaped much unpleasantness is avoided.

A moment's consideration will show that such measures, indispensable for the safeguarding of the social order, cannot be effectively carried out without at the same time exercising a profound influence upon the minds and culture of the people. Thus does the linkage between purely economic conditions and the subtler forces of a nation's vitality become apparent. Ideas and thoughts which are apt to be stimulated by dissatisfaction must be combated and repressed. Influential French journalism, which enjoys for the most part the financial patronage and control of the Corsican perfumer, M. Coty, is admirably directed toward the required end. French newspapers have a literary quality to which Americans are not accustomed in their newssheets, and are not committed to the same extent to supplying all the news that's fit to print. Judicious selection and adornment are all the easier. The foreign articles, as a rule well informed, display a remarkably unprejudiced attitude toward foreign countries, even when, as in the case of America, acute conflicts of interest exist. French intelligence realizes that other countries are faced with similar problems, and is sympathetic toward their efforts to deal with them. Despite even the profound political antagonism toward Germany and Italy, the French press shows a high appreciation of the merits of Junker governments and of the régime of Signor Mussolini. A profound admiration for the latter and for Herr Hitler is indeed noticeable in French opinion. The realism of Japanese policy, its "no nonsense" attitude, also appeals to the French mind. Some newspapers run serial articles on the U. S. S. R., which display a fine creative imagination. The confidence shown in the gullibility of the French public would be difficult to understand, if the care exercised in protecting it against the danger of access to information on the subject were not taken into account.

It should be borne in mind that France rests upon a mediæval tradition which is unknown and hard to apprehend in America. One is apt to think of France as the home of modernity, and of the French in the terms applied by Cæsar to the ancient Gauls, as seekers after novelty. But the view is superficial. The French are essentially a conservative people. Only a few steps from the boulevards and the monumental quarters of Paris with which the foreign visitor is best acquainted take one into the narrow winding streets overhung by quaint gables of a mediæval city, essentially unchanged since the seventeenth century. So likewise French culture, and the French mind that finds expression in that culture, stand very close to the traditional pattern out

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of which they have grown. As soon as they shrink from pursuing the march of ideas to their conclusion, they turn back into a world which is incredibly old-fashioned. From the closed door of fear to traditional mediævalism is but a step. Invariably, reaction tends in France to take on the garb of monarchism, clericalism, of every manner of antique and outworn creed. The appeal of those intellectual antiquities to the French mind lies in their representing the traditions of nationalism upon which modern France, for all the bourgeois revolution, is built. The shades of political opinion which hark back to pre-revolutionary ideas openly style themselves "traditional."

In exactly the same manner as the two major parties in America have reference, not to contemporary situations, but to the conditions which existed at the time of the Civil War, so the nomenclature and characterization of French political parties have reference to even more antique conditions. The language of French politics dates in fact from the thirties of the last century, the period following the last backwashes of the eighteenth-century revolution. The expressions "right" and "left" have reference, not to any present-day tendencies of social or political opinion, but to the old opposition between "traditionalism" and the Republic, which is tainted with the sanction that its origin bestows upon revolution. There is, officially, no "right" party today in the French Chamber. It is all "left," that is to say, it is so far advanced as to accept, howbeit under protest and reservation, the republican régime. The group which is at the present moment in power, and from which the Herriot and Paul-Boncour ministries have been drawn, represents the extreme position, but one, to the "left," and is known as the "radical" party. There is nothing about it that even remotely suggests radicalism in the English or American sense. It is called "radical" with reference to the Middle Ages. Edouard Herriot is the darling of the Bourse and the big financial interests; Paul-Boncour of the General Staff.

That is why the "traditional" parties do not constitute any real opposition to the "radical" parties. The socialist party alone has been regarded with some distrust, not, however, because of any aims hostile to the ruling interests, but on account of a professed pacifism in its phraseology. Hence was the support given by that party to the militarist Boncour government particularly gratifying.

One of the most polished of French litterateurs, Albert Thibaudet, has just published a book on "Political Ideas in France," which is being widely read. One is struck by the fact that the criterion by which the author classifies political groups is their attitude toward the Catholic Church. This is not by any means peculiar to the writer's point of view. In every French crisis, as far back as Boulanger and the Affaire Dreyfus, the cleavage of political parties has been intimately associated with the issues between clericalism and anti-clericalism, as representing in the most concrete manner the opposition between reactionary forces which, whatever their immediate aims, face toward mediævalism, and those forces which stand for the legacy of the eighteenth century and the revolution. The term "liberal," for example, has in French politics an exclusively ecclesiastical meaning. It connotes adherence to the idea of a Gallican Church independent of State control. "The liberal party," writes M. Faguet, "is exclusively composed of Royalists, Bonapartists, and Clericals," that is, of reactionary traditionalists. Pre-war France used to be thought of as a rationalistic and secularist country. The Combes legislation appeared to have eliminated the Catholic Church as a factor in French politics and culture. All that has been changed since the War. The memory of Combes and his policies is contemptuously repudiated. In no European capital, not excepting Rome, are the black robes of priests and seminarists, which were at one time excluded from the streets, seen in such swarms as in Paris. The teaching congregations have been readmitted and the Church schools reopened. It is estimated that one half of the rising generation in France is now receiving its "education" at the hands of Catholic priests.

French mentality has readily become adjusted to the change. It is perceptible throughout literature. As a critic recently remarked with satisfaction, "literature has gone right," which means in French that it has gone Catholic. The press and the radio are, according to a felicitous Parisian expression, filled with "Bondieuserie," or, as one might say, with Goddiness. All the daily papers are at present devoting lengthy columns to accounts of the apparitions of the Holy Virgin which have been witnessed by some children at a nuns' school at Beauraing, near the Belgian border. The miraculous appearances have been investigated by journalists and certified by "scientists," and thousands of eager pilgrims are taxing to the utmost the means of transport to the Walloon village, as well as to Lourdes and Lisieux, where miraculous showers of roses are taking place.

It is notable, however, that the tendencies of traditionalism, mediævalism, and reaction are much stronger in the bourgeois strata of French society than among the working classes, in Paris than in the provinces and in the country. A current commonplace of present French politics is that the provinces vote "left," while Paris votes "right." Even among the French peasantry the clerical influence is, except in Brittany and the Auvergne, by no means as pronounced as one might expect, or as it is among the bourgeoisie. The French

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workingman is not as deeply habituated to, or so easily influenced by, bourgeois ideas as is the American worker. When he turns, he turns right about. In the sight of the workingmen who are now suffering from unemployment and wage-cuts, the enemy is not the politician, the capitalist, the industrialist; he is invariably referred to as the "bourgeois." It is against the whole closed, narrow, mean circle of bourgeois ideas and interests, ready to withdraw into dead worlds and dark ages, that their resentment and their bitterness are aroused.

Political and economic facts may be ephemeral and superficial symptoms of decay. But experience shows that vital mental correlates are invariably and intimately associated with them. The correlation is exhibited today by France, the source of so much European culture and thought, more strikingly perhaps than anywhere else. When political and economic interests demand that the mind shall remain closed to realities, that inhibition does not take place with impunity to the vital qualities of the mind. In Italy the Fascist régime has effectually sterilized thought, art, literature. As of old when ecclesiastical "licencers of thought" aroused the denunciations of Milton, "this was it which damped the glory of Italian wits, that nothing had been written there now these many years but flattery and fustian." French wits, having "gone right," still show their traditional gifts of verbal clarity and discrimination in the analysis of "nuances." But those talents are lavished upon worlds of ideas and sentiments which are almost oppressively musty. Paul Valéry, the most modernist of French poets, the idol of the young æsthetic intelligentsia, has published his "Views upon the World of Today" (*Regards sur le monde actuel*). They have about as much bearing upon the world of today as what Mr. Gladstone said in 1863, and the failure of elementary apprehension is almost moronic. There is a noticeable vogue in French literature and on the French stage for a revival of classicism, for backward glances upon the fossil remains of French literary tradition. One might apply to the French literature of today what Mallarmé said of the French Academy: "It is a fallen god that remembers Olympus."

The most powerful work by far published in France this year is the "Journey to the Edge of Night" (*Voyage au bout de la nuit*) by Louis-Ferdinand Céline. It depicts with a force which recalls Dostoievski the material and mental disintegration of the French bourgeois class in the throes of the world crisis. Those who, like Señor Ortéga y Gasset, ask for proofs of decadence should read this remarkable document. It is a cry of misery and anger, an epic of despair which reflects the dissolution of a world. "We have no choice," one of the characters exclaims, "but to die or to lie." The book was narrowly prevented from being awarded the Prix Goncourt, which was bestowed instead upon Guy Mazeline's "Wolves" (*Les Loups*) a greatly inferior work. Céline's work was given the Renaudot prize. The author of what is perhaps the most important literary creation published in France since Proust's panorama of aristocratic decadence, does not glimpse a ray of hope. His mind is as completely closed to faith in the future as it is to the inward causes of the decadence, despair, and dissolution of bourgeois society which he depicts.

The most notable literary figure of France today, André Gide, occupied until lately the same position of nihilism and despair. In his "Journal," which has been running in the *Nouvelle Revue Française,* he proclaims his discovery of the fact that what he had set down to human nature and fate is the outcome of a social anarchy which is engaged in compassing its own elimination. The conversion of Gide to communism has set the critics busy explaining him away, as English and American critics have explained away Shaw, Dreiser, John Dos Passos. The courageous language of André Gide has, however, heartened a host of other writers, such as Henri Lefebvre, the editor of "Philosophies," Paul Nizan, the talented author of "Watchdogs" (*Chiens de garde*), and Philippe Lamour.

The French attitude toward present world-dilemmas differs only from that of other peoples in being less obscured by sentimental disguises and shallow euphemisms. It is selfish; it is purely selfish. Nationalism is merely a selfishness sufficiently enlightened to discern the obvious fact that the prosperity of the tribal group is indispensable to the gratification of personal selfishness.

The argument of selfishness is the most difficult of all arguments to refute. What have been termed sciences of ethics, and much of what is called religion, have been attempts to meet the argument. There is no valid logical refutation. If I choose to sacrifice the whole world to my personal interests, there is no logical argument which can convict me of folly.

There is none—so long as the relation between the human being as an individual and the human being as a social product is not clearly apprehended. That relation has become concretely demonstrable in our time only. The logic of facts demonstrates today that selfishness, economic or political, individual or tribal, defeats ultimately its own purpose. The defeat of Western civilization which we are witnessing is the defeat of insufficiently enlightened selfishness. Whosoever, man or nation, is unable to adapt the selfish calculations of interest to changing conditions is, politically, economically, intellectually, culturally, in process of decadence. France is putting the reactionary logic to the acid test. The world may profitably ponder the lesson.

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

Retreat to the Land

AN EXPERIENCE IN POVERTY

By Charlie May Simon

Illustrations by Howard Simon

A group of us were having tea one Sunday afternoon at our studio in New York. As may be expected, we were discussing the depression. There were, besides Howard, who is an artist, and myself, a stock broker, a publisher, a writer, and a dancer. We did not know the first thing about economics, but we freely expressed our opinions and theories.

As I listened to them my thoughts turned to a cabin of our own in some wilderness, with a garden patch, a pig, a cow, and some chickens, and perhaps even a sheep and a loom, for we were in a receptive mood then. When I glanced at Howard I saw an expression in his face that reminded me of the time six years ago, in the Latin Quarter of Paris, when he asked me to marry him four days after we met. When our company had gone I was not surprised when he said to me, "Will you go?" and I answered, "Of course."

Howard counted up the month's bills. He found that we had exactly eight hundred and fifty-seven dollars and some cents after they were paid, including the return deposit of the electric company. We were young, we said, healthy and self-reliant. We were interested in the same things, and were not bored with each other. Of course our venture would succeed. We did not mind giving up luxuries, those toys of civilization that had been invented in the last generation or so. All we asked of life was a little food, shelter, clothes enough for warmth, and peace and leisure to do the things we wanted to do.

So one morning, a few weeks later, we got into our Ford roadster and started west. We settled in the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas, following the footsteps of a long-ago ancestor. We were not long in filing a homestead claim on sixty acres of virgin pine forest, and started in on the job of wresting a living from the soil. Here we have been for over a year and a half.

We are thirty miles from the nearest railroad, telephone, or radio. A dirt road winds its way through our wilderness, but the creeks are unbridged and have to be forded when swollen by winter rains. Sometimes they are impassable, and our mail is held up when the mail carrier who brings it from the railroad to our little postoffice cannot cross on his mule. Rumors reach us by the grapevine system, and they are even more garbled than newspaper reports.

"They say Mr. Hoover's started a war on Chiny, or somewhere," we were told during the Japanese invasion of Manchuria. And just before the election Uncle Bill Taylor said that Doctor Evans said that some one told him if the Republicans got in, every man, woman and child would receive a hundred dollars. But there was no talk of depression, and here, we decided, was the ideal place to build our home.

Our nearest neighbor for five miles on one side is old Uncle John, who lives alone with two half-starved hound dogs in a tumbledown shack. He cooks over the fireplace and sleeps on what appears to be a bundle of rags, though they were at one time patchwork quilts. He hid from us for several weeks, and we learned that it was because his trousers were too torn to be patched any more. But his modesty gradually left him, and he often comes to sit and chat, always saying as he leaves, as though he was just about to forget it, "By the way, kin I borry a little——?"

On the other side, our nearest neighbor is six miles away, a tall and gawky young man, Oval, and his equally tall and gawky wife, Amerika. A short time after we arrived here, they came calling in a home-made vehicle with no two wheels alike, drawn by a pair of lean mules. Ameriky brought her two weeks' old baby.

"I jist been duncey to see yore place," she told me. "But the little one here war borned on the day youens come. Hits name's Jewel."

Oval, dressed in the conventional overalls and a little straw hat that covered less than half of his shocky blonde hair, had nothing to say at first. He sat smoking one cigarette after another, rolling them in strips of catalog paper with home-grown tobacco, and striking the matches on the bare soles of his feet. Finally he asked Howard to step outside.

"I jist wanted to say," he said, "that when I hearn youens war a livin' here, I lowed there war a goin' to be trouble. But I see youens know how to mind yore business, and I wan ter shake hands with you and say I'm yore friend." With that he reached back in his overall pocket and drew out a quart fruit jar filled with white corn whiskey, and shoved it out toward Howard.

The log house, with its huge stone fireplaces, slowly grew to look like the drawings Howard had made in New York. It is just large enough to meet the needs of two people: a studio, a library, a kitchen, a bedroom and a washroom, with plumbing, such as it is, by an expert moonshiner. The rooms are built around a stone-paved courtyard bordered with wild flowers transplanted from the woods. We had labor at fifty cents and a dollar a day, depending on the size of the family of the workers.

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They taught us many things about making a house without the use of boughten things, how to rive shingles from a board tree, and how to make the large wooden hinges and latches for the doors. With Howard's help they made most of the furniture. Howard carved the oak doors with pictures of the wild animals about us and painted murals on the walls. I was kept busy making cushions and curtains of gingham and hooking rag rugs.

If we were uncomfortable while this was going on, we did not know it. It was not until the house was finished and screened that we thought of the flies swarming through the unchinked walls, and the yellowjackets that drove us away from the table whenever we had wild honey for breakfast, the nightly delousing of chiggers and ticks that crawled onto us from the bushes, and the noises of the screech owls, foxes, wildcats, wolves, and even one night the unearthly scream of a panther.

A homestead claim on sixty acres of virgin pine

We planted our garden without knowing it first had to be fertilized, and nothing came up. So we brought sacks of fertilizer from the cow lot of an abandoned homestead, and spread it over the garden, and planted again. Every morning as soon as we got out of bed, we went out into our garden and watched it grow, from the baby seedlings on, counting each new leaf that formed. We hoed out every little weed that stuck up its head, and when the sun beat down too hot and strong, we drew bucket after bucket of water and carried it to the garden. It grew, a little puny, perhaps, for it was on new ground, but it pleased us. And then came a herd of wild cattle and ate every thing down in one night. We ran out in our night clothes and beat on a tin dish pan to frighten them, but as soon as we went into the house again, they came back, and we had to go to sleep to the sound of the crunching of our corn and beans. With the help of a young mountain boy we made a fence of palings, and planted again, with no thought of heroism, but with the determination that our venture should not fail.

"Youens hadn't ort to plant yore beans on flower-pot day," said the boy, "caze they'll all turn to blossom and won't make beans."

So because he seemed to know, and because he had a successful garden, we waited until twin days to plant the beans and peas, and the corn was planted in the dark of the moon and the potatoes were planted in the light of the moon, and the watermelons at midnight on the first of the month. Whether it was the fence or the fertilizer or the phase of the moon, our garden grew, and supplies us with food.

We bought a cow and her calf and some chickens. The cow is allowed to roam the mountains and feed herself on mountain grass, coming back each night and morning to be milked. The chickens feed themselves on grass and grasshoppers and what cornbread and buttermilk we have left. Inefficient perhaps, but we have enough milk and eggs for our needs. We trade for what food we do not grow. The mountain people are fond of trading, as money is scarce here. A shirt of Howard's brought a bushel of black-eyed peas, and a dress of mine brought two gallons of sorghum molasses and a peck of corn meal. The woods are full of wild berries and grapes, and if we cared for hunting and fishing, there are all around us deer, wild turkey, quail, rabbits and squirrels, and the creeks are full of bass and trout.

Savannah, a husky mountain girl of fourteen, came to us one morning and asked if she might work for us in exchange for her clothes and an education.

"Pappy caint buy me shoes to wear to school," she said, "and I want to larn books."

The soles of her shoes were tied on with strings, and her dress of many patches was of a nondescript color. This was all she had, and it was worn out in the fields to pick cotton, at night to sleep in, and on Saturdays she washed it and wore it on Sundays when her beau came a talking.

I realized how little one can learn in a two-months-a-year backwoods country school when during her geography lesson I once asked her if she knew what shape the earth was.

"I don't know," she replied, "I've hearn some say hits round and some says hits squar."

And when I gave her the fairy tales to read that I thought every child was familiar with, she could not understand them because she had no idea what a king or queen or a fairy was. She is a bright child and eager to learn. It was not long before she had quit sassering her coffee and knifing her peas. Giving up her snuff was the hardest thing for her to do, for she loved to sit at one end of the room and spit between her teeth into the fireplace on the other end, and she was proud of her accuracy.

Every morning she washes, irons, or scrubs, and draws the water and keeps the fires going, and every afternoon she bathes and changes her clothes and I hear her lessons. I traded an etching to a New York friend for two pairs of shoes and some dresses, and a friend from Chicago sent her some sweaters and handkerchiefs and underwear in exchange for a wood engraving. Now Savannah is well clothed, and she knows that the earth is round and that Columbus discovered America, and she has a faint idea that a king is a boss of a whole lot of people and land.

After the house was finished and the garden growing, and Savannah was well established in the household, we had about two hundred and fifty dollars of the money we brought with us. By this time we had given away, traded or worn out nearly all of our clothes, and we decided to buy substantial woollen and khaki clothes that would last a long time. Too, we had more leisure and we could subscribe to some magazines and books by the month. We sent off checks for the magazines and books, and we went in to Little Rock for one more fling, a movie, dinner at a hotel, and shopping. A few days after, we re-

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ceived word that the bank had failed before the checks could be turned in. One of the magazines continued to send us the year's subscription, and some one on the staff of the Literary Guild bought an etching and that paid for the books we had received. The rest were stopped. The stores were not so kind. There were threats to sue, but the justice of the peace, who is also the general store keeper, the game warden and the postmaster, was sympathetic, having lost a few dollars himself in the bank. Later the bank paid a small dividend, and the stores were satisfied.

One day Savannah and I spent the day with old Granny Blair, who taught us to spin thread from cotton and wool, and weave it into cloth, and her husband promised to make me a loom just like hers. But the work was long and tedious, taking days to make a little cotton cloth that could be bought for five cents a yard. I often say that I will some day get to it, but I know that I never will, as long as the clothes we have last, and we can continue trading etchings for shoes.

Once a week we walk the twenty miles to and from the post office for our mail. We are still tenderfoot enough to feel the effect of it, for the road is steep and rough. But the thought of the lounging pajamas and slippers that Savannah will have out for us and the warm milk and buttered scones with blackberry jam she will have ready make the climb worth while.

Though we do our own baking and cheesemaking, and plowing and hoeing the garden, we have never before had so much leisure. We have also found time to enter into the life of the settlement. Howard has been called upon to act as lawyer and doctor. Old man Leach had fought in the Civil War, but his widow forgot which side he was on. He would not take a pension during his lifetime. "Not as long as I got two good hands and two laigs will I take nary penny from nobody," he said. But Mrs. Leach did not share his scruples.

"Mr. Howard," she said, "you been around a whole lot and know a lot of people. Can you tell Mr. Hoover to git me that there widow's pension Uncle Mike said I orter be a gittin'?"

Doctor Evans is our only doctor within a radius of thirty miles, and that means mule miles instead of automobile miles. He is an old man, past eighty, and he has had no more than two years' schooling in his life. He obtained his license when the State was young and not so strict, and because we are a poor settlement, and can pay for our health only with calves and pigs and chickens, the town doctors have allowed him to go on practising. His sole knowledge of medicine is contained in the directions on the patent medicines he has bought, and his sixty years of experience. He is a conscientious old man though. He has no home, living with whichever patient needs him most, often sleeping on a pallet on the kitchen floor. His speciality is gunshot and knife wounds, for he has had much practice in that in our moonshining community. He is never called in on an obstetric case, for that is left to the women folks.

One day last winter, word reached us that little Jewel was sick, and would we go for the doctor. We found him at the Blair place, where old Mrs. Blair was ailing. It was after dark when we reached the sick baby, for we had to go around thirty-five miles by automobile to reach a place six miles from us.

By questioning Ameriky, we learned that the baby's illness had started with a cold, and she was teething at the same time.

"I give her some pole cat grease fer her cold, and she perked right up," Ameriky said. And Oval had gone out into the woods and killed a rabbit so that Ameriky could rub the baby's gums with its brains, a remedy every mountain mother uses. Then the child had summer complaint, or diarrhea, and was given laudanum, paregoric, whisky, castor oil, black draught, and then more medicine. Everything was given that Ameriky could think of and everything that her neighbors told her about.

The log house is just large enough to meet the needs of two people

When the old doctor brought out his ever-present dose of strychnine, and began tearing strips of Sears Roebuck catalog paper to portion out doses from his collection of medicines, Howard grabbed his hat and whispered to me that he was going for the county nurse. It was a long rough ride to the county seat and our tires were worn, but I bade him Godspeed.

We had stood silently by and watched Mrs. Thompson bathe her child sick with the chicken pox, in the blood of a freshly killed chicken. And we had seen a young man die of a burst appendix because his wife said she was afeared of hospitals when we offered to take him to one. But our little homestead baby was too close to us to allow to die without trying to save her.

For the first time, I felt our helpfulness in the wilderness and understood the natives' need for a religion of faith. When I made my way through the crowd of men, women and children who had come to set up, I saw little Jewel, lying white and thin on her straw bed, with an old quilt used for a sheet. I quietly reached down and killed a bed bug that was crawling on her arm.

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"I jist caint git shet of them thangs," Ameriky told me. "The bats brang them here. They lay the eggs in the walls."

Soon after the dose of strychnine, Jewel began to rally.

"She's a gittin' better. I know she's a goin' to git well," Oval said. "I been a prayin'."

About that time a whippoorwill was heard near the window. This means to the mountain people a message of death, and I shuddered.

"Somebody kill that dratted bird," a woman screamed. "You William, chunk a rock up thar and kill that bird." But William did not succeed, and the bird went on with its innocent call all during the night.

And when a screech owl called out in the darkness, an old man quickly turned his overall pocket inside out and wrung it, thus wringing the neck of the owl. The call grew fainter and fainter, finally dying away.

Would Howard never come, I thought. Hours must have gone by. The children were sleeping on pallets around the floor. I was sitting with the grown-ups around the fire, scarcely listening to the tales of death and haints that are always told when people come to set up with the sick. At last I heard two cars in the distance come bumping along the rocky road. I knew Howard had brought the county nurse.

When there is a doctor in attendance, the county nurse is not allowed to express an opinion about a case, but she saw that the child needed immediate attention. We pleaded an hour or so with the doctor and the parents to send the child to a hospital where she would be given every chance to get well. At last they agreed, but it was with reluctance that Oval and Ameriky with the baby in her arms were bundled in the nurse's car at dawn and began their long drive to Little Rock.

But they were too late. It was over a week after little Jewel had been buried and her little grave had been duly decorated with broken bits of colored pottery, that we learned of it.

"You orter seen that place," Ameriky told me two months later when her second baby was born, and she could bring herself to talk about Jewel. "She war in a room with lots of other little children, and they wuz so clean. She had two white sheets put on fresh ever day, and if they even spilt a little water on the bed, they went and changed again. I'm glad we went. She couldn't have got well nohow, but I'm glad she had such a nice place to die in."

We've spent many pleasant afternoons this summer on some neighbor's porch, with our bare feet resting on the cool floor, discussing the latest gossip, who has been cut or shot in a brawl, or how Miss Marthy's baby was brought into the world by Grandpap Tillar, because we women folks could not reach her in time, and how Miss Marthy will never get over the embarrassment of having a man attend her. And we would hear again of how Dick Bly got on a drunk that lasted a week, and held a revival over at Wild Cat Ridge, and saved five souls. He came to as he walked out into the water to baptize them, and walked away saying, "Hell, I ain't fitten fer this job."

We have so adjusted ourselves to the life of the mountains that we have no actual need for money. The battery of our automobile has long since died, and the tires are worn out by the rocks on the road, so no money need be spent for gasoline. Once a week the peddler comes from the city and trades flour and sugar and salt for chickens, eggs and butter. Savannah has had twenty-five cents in her purse since we gave it to her two months ago, and Howard has been carrying a half dollar around in his pocket so long it is getting rusty.

All along our letters have been full of enthusiasm. We have written glowingly of our freedom from financial worries and our leisure to do whatever we wanted to do. To those friends who bathe in lavender bath tubs with sweet smelling salts, we wrote of bathing in Cove Creek amongst the water-lilies screened by willows, and taking our shower at a tiny waterfall.

Now that the house is completed, the rose garden growing, and the pumpkins, sweet potatoes, peas and corn harvested, we can sit back and say that it has been successful, this experiment of sustaining life on the soil.

But it has really proven nothing except that, whatever the cause of this world economic disturbance, the remedy is not back to the soil, to the simple life of our forefathers, in spite of what the theorists sitting on easy chairs in warm houses may say. We have enjoyed creating Possum Trot, even the hard work, the hunger and the poverty, for that was part of our scheme. But we have learned to our astonishment, that it was the creating we enjoyed. We are still not satisfied. There is a restlessness within us that we cannot defeat, that is as old as mankind. We want more than a roof over our heads and food in our stomachs. Luxuries are as necessary as bread to those of us who have known them. When every drop of water you use is drawn from a seventy-foot well, and every bit of food you eat must be forced from a rocky soil with a hand hoe, you don't feel that machines are your enemies. We want light again by pressing a button, and water, hot or cold, by the turn of a tap, and steam heat and iced lemonade. We are already pricing water systems and electric systems in the mail-order catalogs, and I have been looking longingly at the pictures of kerosene refrigerators and washing-machines.

We know that when the depression is over, and people start going around once more with confident faces, buying paintings, etchings and illustrated books, and money comes to us once more, we will not spend it wisely as we once had planned. We will not add to the potato house or build the guest cottage. We'll go back to the city, and once more Howard will wander through the art galleries, or mingle again with friends in his profession. And I can think of nothing I would like more to do than to hand one of those little green papers I have not seen in so long, to a salesgirl, and be given a neatly tied parcel, containing anything, I don't care what, and hear again the clinking of silver change going from her hand to mine, and into my purse. I'd get once more into silk stockings and a chiffon dress and Howard would take his tuxedo from out of the moth ball box, and we'd go to a symphony concert, or we'd hear Fritz Kreisler play his violin. And as on that day when we filed our homestead claim and started cutting down trees for our home, we'd say, "After all, this is really living."

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in world affairs today

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR OF CRIME

By Arthur Mann

THE average medical authority will agree that it is not healthy for a growing child to sleep with its head under the bed covering or pillow. As part of my duty to society and the domestic scheme of which I am a portion, I have tried for many years to mould the minds of my children along the most constructive lines within my mental grasp. I have endeavored more or less conscientiously to teach them the futility of banalities, conniving, revenge motives, etc.

Suddenly it seemed as though these several years of purposeful effort in this direction had gone to waste. Out of a clear sky my six-year-old son commanded me to "Stick 'em up!" He confessed that he did not know what it meant, and that he had heard it on a certain radio program.

My daughter, who is eight years old and a normally healthy girl of average intelligence, began sleeping with her head under the bed covering. Investigation disclosed that she was trying to escape imaginary foes who were appearing nocturnally in the darkened corners of her chamber. She had evolved a system of arranging the several doors of our apartment in a manner that puzzled me completely. For instance, if her chamber door was closed, all other doors, with the exception of my bedroom door, had to be closed. There are other subtle variations too complicated to understand, or even remember.

I felt that defeat had crowned my efforts to rear a child without fear of anything on earth, including myself, darkness, thunder, lightning or sundry agencies which often instil fear. She had developed a mild degree of sleeplessness, which I was certain would manifest itself to the detriment of her excellent health sooner or later.

But I have been encouraged greatly of late by a corrective measure of surprising simplicity. All will soon be as before. My corrective step consists of removing the power tube of our radio set from 4 P.M. each afternoon until the children retire at 8 P.M. By so doing I have eliminated four hours of lessons on the art of crime and higher skulduggery which pour from the radio stations each afternoon, almost without interruption, from Monday to Friday.

I have listened carefully, and I can say without fear of contradiction that every form of crime known to man is either committed or suggested in the majority of juvenile programs on the radio today. There are exceptions, of course. There are a few broadcasting people who are trying to give constructive entertainment for children in exchange for the purchase of their commodity. But they shall have to be denied my daughter's audience until the others come to earth.

I have before me a chart of twenty-five juvenile radio programs on the three major stations or networks in the East. Not more than three or four of this number are free from crime and planned felony, either by subtle suggestion or actual commission. I contend that this is sufficient to make a huer and crier out of anybody, especially a father whose daughter cannot go to sleep on schedule.

Manufacturers of foods, especially cereals, have discovered that it is easier to sell by appealing to children than to trust the whims of adult listeners. Little Johnny or Mary will plead and plague for a new form of medicated sawdust until their despairing mother puts it on her shopping list. Sponsors even go so far as to intimidate child listeners to the extent of hinting that they have no right to tune in on a program unless they purchase the product of the sponsor.

It was this suggestion that sent my son from the loud speaker one afternoon suffering from pangs of conscience. He gathered that it was dishonest to listen to "Little Orphan Annie" because my wife had refused to purchase Ovaltine which the program advertises.

Sponsors of most programs employ two tricks, one to hold the young listeners and the other to sell the product. They first inject intrigue and suspense into the story by placing the leading character constantly in danger after establishing sympathy. Then at the finish of each day's script they offer some cheap gift in exchange for concrete evidence that the product has been purchased. In this way they keep a consistent check on the results of their promotion.

Recently I turned on the radio to listen to the program "Skippy," a continuity based on Percy Crosby's cartoon strip. The program is sponsored by the Washburn-Crosby Company for the purpose of selling Wheaties, a dry cereal said to be of pressed whole wheat.

Tuning in, I find Skippy and his father captives in a truck and being taken to a hideaway. They have been kidnapped to prevent their testifying against "The Brain," a super-criminal. Some time ago "The Brain" was at the head of a counterfeit ring, which Skippy broke up.

At the time I tuned in the super-criminal is suspected of pyromania, for several buildings in the town have been burned. These episodes have been going on for months. The announcer assures each anxious juvenile listener that, while he or she may be gasping with suspense and at the point of swooning, there should be no deep concern over the ultimate preservation of Skippy's life. He will come out unscathed.

Another very popular crime program is "Little Orphan Annie," sponsored,

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as I have said, by the makers of Ovaltine, a "pick-up" for children, calculated to make the richest cow's milk tastier, more nutritious and productive of sleep. By its advertising talk the program subtly suggests by inference that the child listener be soothed to sleep with a dose of Ovaltine after the excitement of the program.

Annie, the leading character, is an orphan, and the escapades which comprise the child's day-by-day life approximate a high degree of sadism. She has been kidnapped, chloroformed, rendered unconscious by a deliberate blow on the head, held prisoner several times, pursued over the countryside by the law, imprisoned in barns and hovels and freight cars. She has trailed and captured bank thieves. She has been forced to spend several nights in a deserted shack in the woods to avoid being taken back to a sadistic orphan asylum which is under the direction of a shrew. She has been taken back to the orphan asylum through a procedure obviously unjust, if not illegal, and there has been made to scrub floors and perform the labors of a sub-menial.

When I last tuned in, her constant boy companion was with her aboard the clipper ship belonging to her foster father. He was financing a search for a Pacific island treasure. The owner of the map was an aged half-wit with a blood-curdling laugh. Down in the hold was a stowaway villain. He was fast lining up the crew for mutiny. He planned to kill or drown the rich foster father, Daddy Warbucks, grab the map and the ship and seek the treasure.

A third very popular feature is "Buck Rogers in the Twenty-fifth Century," or five hundred years hence. It is sponsored by Rice Crispies, and other Kellogg cereal products. Rogers is a Lindbergh type, honest, straightforward, but with no definite status as to position and income. His co-worker is a young woman, Wilma, who enjoys a similar economic and vocational status, along with constant danger and doubt.

The program contains all the skulduggery conceivable to the human brain. They have tracked down counterfeiters, thieves, formulæ seekers, international crooks, been trapped by enemies on the Planet Mars, and done everything except unearth the lost tribes of Israel.

My last association with the program found Buck Rogers out on the floor of the ocean in a diving suit with only enough oxygen to last a couple of hours. His enemy had run off with Wilma and the submarine, while he was searching for a sunken city. Rogers bobbed up the following evening somewhere in Jamaica Bay, a little out of breath, but safe and ready to pursue the villain and save Wilma.

It took me only a few minutes to catch the drift of "Seckatary Hawkins," a program designed for children and sponsored by Ralston cereal. Before the program was many minutes old a large, hairy, animalistic hand and arm reached through the clubhouse window and dropped a note. The note read: "Don't go." And it was signed "Oo Goo." The note referred to a proposed search for a treasure which was obviously wanted by another faction. The faction, of course, didn't have as much right to the treasure as Seckatary Hawkins. The large, hairy figure got away, but not before there was enough discussion about it to keep anybody awake.

When I tuned in on the H-Bar-O Ranch program, sponsored by the H-O Oats Company, the sheriff had just been shot and almost killed. Bobby Benson, a supposedly sub-adolescent, is the envied hero. The part is read on the radio by an eighteen-year-old midget who enjoys considerable prestige as a juvenile star of the air. Young Benson rides ponies, takes part in shoot-ups, speaks the lingo of cowboys, chases cattle rustlers, criminals, bandits, and has a whale of a time.

The bait of this program is a yellow bandana of calico sent through the mail for membership. The yellow comes out on the child's neck. One corner of the kerchief dipped in a glass of water turned the liquid a lemon color. To obtain the remaining nine pieces of the cowboy outfit, the child must send 9 box tops and $3.60, or 87 box tops alone. At 20 portions to the box, it would take a child five years, eating oatmeal every day, to save 87 package tops!

The Lone Wolf Tribe is another membership device. Its appeal is made through Indian hokum, allegedly authentic lore of legend and history. It is told by Lone Wolf, a purported chief, in unconvincing broken English, or broken Indian, as you will.

There is a similar savage program on WOR called the Indian Pow-Wow and the head man is Little Bear. This too is packed with redskin lore and intrigue of the 100 per cent American. Other juvenile programs of danger and frenzy on this station are Tarzan of the Apes, resurrected from Edgar Rice Burroughs' books, and the Discoverers Club, a pirate series. The trade mark of the latter contains a pistol and a telescope. They are a swash-buckling crew of cutthroats who offer danger and double-crossing every minute.

The Flying Family consists of the four Hutchinsons who were wrecked in their plane in Greenland last year and rescued by a North Atlantic ship. When I last listened in, the family was in a Hollywood beanery, about to crash the movies. The children of this program are not always the actual Hutchinson children, but professional voices. It is significant to note that the broadcasting scheme was arranged before the family took off on the trans-Atlantic flight!

The Wheatenaville program used to be that delightful "Raising Junior" series. But Peter and Aline Dixon, who wrote the series, suddenly were out. Ray Knight, who had played small parts came up with the account. It is now supposed to be a record of two adopted children, but when I listened it was concerned with the heartaches and jealousies of Uncle Billy and his sweetheart. The children had been subordinated to the post of fixers of the romance.

"Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten," a network-sustaining feature, is essentially vaudeville drivel. Kaltenmeyer is a bachelor teacher in a hick town and speaks with a dialect. His pupils are Mickey, a tough boy; Isidor, Hebrew dialectician; Tony, Italian dialectician; Percy, effeminate and user of large words; and a couple of giggling girls.

"Black and Blue," two bungling, ungrammatical amateur detectives, form another 100-per-cent crime program in the interest of Iodent tooth paste. They have been involved in warehouse robberies, kidnapping, attempted murder, arson, revenge motives, court scenes, bribed juries, and even a Shanghai gesture. I personally banned them on the day when one of the characters was sick from veal hash and the other said: "You shouldn't ought to have did it."

The prize program of crime within the listening hours of juveniles is

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"Myrt and Marge," sponsored by Wrigley's gum. Myrt and Marge began their radio careers backstage. The earlier episodes dealt with Marge's unfortunate brother, a dope addict, who blackmailed his sister for money with which to buy drugs. Murder, court scenes, and various types of intrigue form the backbone of each episode.

"Just Plain Bill," a composite of all-rural air characters, works for Kolynos tooth paste, and is designed to impress children as well as grown-ups. Bill is a snivelling barber-shop proprietor who has never known a minute of peace and contentment since the series began. His daughter is constantly disappearing mysteriously and turning up embittered against him. Then her sweetheart disappeared. Bill has a half-wit companion named Elmer Eaps, and also a mortal enemy, Jeff Shanks, who is at the back of every night's plot.

The two oldest club operators on the air, Jolly Bill Steinke and Uncle Don, are not above reproach. Steinke packs his morning program with fantastic adventures, danger, and suspense. He does, however, bring his companion, Jane, back to the microphone each morning to plug Cream of Wheat. Uncle Don's large club on WOR is free from all crime and misdemeanor. His one shortcoming is driving parents almost to distraction with the monotony of procedure and tiresome plugs. I timed him one evening giving eleven minutes to the alleged virtues of Hormel soup, one of his four sponsors.

Of the twenty-five juvenile programs on the Eastern stations and networks there are only two which I would recommend as constructive as well as entertaining. By that I mean designed to win the attention of the child listener and keep it by sheer originality, hard work, and good writing, and not by cheap suspense and crime.

The first of these two is "The Singing Lady," sponsored by Kellogg's. The other is "Paul Wing, the Story Man," who flies the banner of Post Toasties.

The Singing Lady is a versatile woman who does a good job of dramatizing standard fairy stories and popular legends with clever voice changes. The writing and adaptation are good, and no child listener retires with the taste of blood or the thought of it.

Paul Wing reports the harmless adventures of Captain Better, a boy and a girl. With them are two pets who will soon be famous. One is Walter the Whale, a fish in a bowl of water who talks in a deep voice. His only defense against oppression is a threat to splash water with his tail. It is one of the most ingenious programs of radio.

Since starting this article I learned that similar parental sentiment on the subject had crystallized in Westchester County of New York. The Parent Teachers' Association of Fox Meadow School, Scarsdale, distributed two sets of questionnaires, one set for 286 pupils between the ages of eight and thirteen years, and the other for parents and teachers whose ages were not revealed. It is planned to present a monthly review on this basis.

Although the spirit of the Westchester ratings coincides essentially with my own, I feel that the petitioners have not approached the subject adequately. Five parents or teachers were assigned to review a designated program, whereas the entire body should have charted their reactions. A classification from those questionnaires would then be truly representative.

The mothers' ratings follow:

Excellent—Roses and Drums, Current Events, Today's News, Great Moments in History, Dramatized News Events.

Very Good—True Animal Stories, Sports—Ford Frick.

Good—The Singing Lady (younger children only), The Lone Wolf Tribe, Buck Rogers, The Goldbergs, Dramatic Sketch, Eddie Cantor.

Fair—The Lady Next Door, The Flying Family, Seckatary Hawkins, Adventures of the Safety Soldiers, Amos 'n' Andy, The Jesters Trio, Ray Knight, A Wayside Cottage, Fu Manchu Mystery (older children only), Rin Tin Thriller.

Poor—Bobby Benson, Paul Wing—Story Man; Uncle Don, Betty Boop, Just Plain Bill, Boy's Club, Five Star Theatre (Marx Brothers), Charlie Chan, Chandu, Eno Crime Club.

Very Poor—Skippy, Little Orphan Annie, Detectives Black and Blue, Myrt and Marge, The Shadow, Howard Thurston—Magician.

The children, in rating their likes and dislikes, were in almost unanimous disagreement with the parents and teachers. The children flew the banners of Skippy, Little Orphan Annie, Black and Blue, Myrt and Marge, The Shadow (8.30 P.M.), and Howard Thurston—Magician (8.45 P.M.).

The parents and teachers declared that these programs were "very poor," the lowest rating. As you see, they gave their highest rating, "excellent," to only five programs, Roses and Drums (Civil War), Current Events, Today's News, Great Moments in History, and Dramatized News Events.

Few could question the excellence of these programs, but they are designed for adult listeners. Except for Great Moments in History, you could hardly expect a restless child to give audience for even a few minutes. I should no more try to interest a sub-adolescent in that type of program than I would try to bury his nose in the editorial page of *The New York Times*.

The Westchester adults have failed to listen with the ear of a child. Their reports reflect the anxiety of a worried homekeeper wondering what on earth is happening in the outside world. In their justified protest against the horror in juvenile programs, they have hastily substituted or recommended adult entertainment, instead of taking out the power tube and playing leap-frog with the children.

As for me, I should rather play the leap frog until the child is old enough to become interested in factual circumstance which forms the basis of the programs favored by the Westchester adults. I do not believe that boys and girls should be guarded in sweet simplicity until they are in their late thirties, but on the other hand I should like to see my children more or less in the dark on the subject of counterfeiting until they are about ten years old. I should like to postpone my children's knowledge of how to rob a bank, scuttle a ship, shoot a sheriff, the emotional effects of romantic infidelity, jungle hazards, and the horrors of the drug habit for a few more years at least.

And I repeat that if there is not a definite trend toward constructive entertainment in the programs designed for children, my own shall not be numbered among listeners, even if it costs me my own parlor relaxation of singing what I insist is barytone with the various quartets on the air.

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AMERICA'S HOMELESS ARMY

By Lowell Ames Norris

"I am a lost boy
Lost am I forever
Gone father and mother
Gone sister and brother
I wander all alone. . . ."
—*Song of the Russian Bezprizorni.*

A RAGGED army of 200,000 youths and a scattering of girls, ranging in ages from ten to eighteen —the bezprizorni of America—slowly wanders about the country, children whose plight the past Congress failed to recognize.

In Russia when 750,000 homeless waifs were thrown onto the streets without resources the problem was directly the result of famine and civil strife. In America there is no famine or civil strife but there is a depression and the suffering is almost as great. In Russia the bezprizorni were forced to take shelter in caves beneath the city walls, in unused sewers, and in palace cellars. Perhaps we may come to the same thing in this country. Just recently a lone straggler of the American bezprizorni, a tiny, cowering chap of twelve, was picked up in the New York subway where he had been living for months upon skins and scraps he had stolen from refuse cans. From Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and other large cities come stories of these homeless children almost as pitiful.

When food and help were not forthcoming in disorganized Russia the bezprizorni banded together and hunted in packs like wolves. The homeless children of America have not been driven that far—yet. Harried by authorities, shot at by the railroad police, they remain as a whole just plain normal boys. Although discouraged in their search for work, they are still satisfied to ask meekly for help.

But there is always a tomorrow, and far-sighted Americans are fearful that this tomorrow may bring with it a tragic aftermath as more and more of these children, shut off from normal surroundings, turn to the "jungles," the camping grounds beside the railroad tracks. Here, associating with the dregs of other unwanted human society, hurt by the apparent callousness with which their own plight has been received, they may be permanently enrolled among the scavengers and marauders of society.

The present stage of the plight of these 200,000 destitute boys and girls of America was reached and passed in Russia during the first crucial days of the reconstruction period. It was then that the waifs grew desperate from hunger and privation. Sallying forth from dark corners, eluding the militia, the boys attacked the weak and the defenseless. They snatched pocket-books, lifted watches, and made organized raids upon food shops. City streets became unsafe and women no longer dared walk unprotected even in the daylight. The bezprizorni grew bolder and the authorities had to act.

Arrangements to handle this problem were taken in charge by a special Children's Commission attached to the All-Russia Central Committee, and similar commissions were formed in the other Union republics. Through these commissions thousands of children were picked up on the streets and placed in special homes. Official estimates revealed there were throughout all Russia about 750,000 bezprizorni, including 300,000 in the Russian Republic proper.

Since 1926, in the republic proper, almost 200,000 former bezprizorni have found places in industry, agriculture, and other branches of national economy. During the past six years about 600 million roubles are said to have been expended in the work of rehabilitating these children thrown entirely upon their own resources. At present there are 1400 bezprizorni homes of various types, caring for approximately 124,000 children in the Russian Republic alone. During 1933 over 100 million roubles will be spent on these homes. Only 5000 or 6000 bezprizorni are now said to remain upon the streets.

As these children were rounded up they were examined by doctors and psychiatrists and divided into three groups. The first division included those who were simply destitute and homeless. The second group included those who had taken to thieving and more desperate crimes, while the third and last division contained those who were ill or mentally defective. In the case of the second group many children were former members of dangerous gangs that were a public menace. It was discovered that, once a wholesome environment with opportunity for study was provided, most of these children developed into perfectly normal human beings.

Ordinary children's homes where everything was organized and provided could not, in the case of these wild boys, compete with the exciting life they had led upon the road. When placed in such institutions the bezprizorni usually ran away, taking their bedding with them. As an experiment they were placed in homes almost bare of equipment and permitted to share in the building up and organization of the institution, allowed to become self-governing, and given real responsibilities. At once they responded, for they were given to understand that their future had been restored to them.

Remarkable progress toward successful rehabilitation is being made at Wild Boy Colony 66, established during 1928 in the villa of some forgotten aristocrat outside Leningrad. This houses about one hundred boys, the last of the bezprizorni from that city, many of them former thieves, pickpockets and robbers. Unguarded save by an eighty-year-old peasant, no one is held by force. No effort is made to apprehend runaways, and there are no physical punishments. But the boys seldom run away. All are given tasks and there are too many interesting things to do. Some take care of the dormitories, the community kitchens, the classrooms, the stables, the grounds, and the live stock, which includes a herd of thirteen cows. All work in the gardens and sell their produce for a profit in which they all share and bank against the time they return to civil life. This is usually at eighteen years of age.

The colony is divided into groups of eight or nine boys. Each group elects a

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commander from its number who runs its household and also automatically becomes a member of the Executive Council in direct charge of the colony—the adult teachers merely acting in an advisory capacity. This council places every member of the colony upon his honor regardless of the past.

In civil life the boy shopkeeper, entrusted with supplies valued at 1500 roubles, was a notorious thief, but he has become honest with his share of responsibility. Once one of the newer members stole some of the produce from the garden, sold it, and kept the money for himself. The Executive Council met and decided as a punishment that the thief should be made the guard of the garden and keep other thieves away. A sum of eighty roubles mysteriously disappeared from the desk of one of the instructors, but it was returned before the council could meet in judgment. The most infamous pickpocket of Leningrad, now a member of this colony, has become a promising sculptor.

Probably one of the best known of these wild-boy colonies is the Maxim Gorky Colony, located in a former monastery at Rizhoo Station, not far from Khartow, the capital of the Ukraine. Established eight years ago, it contains 400 homeless orphans, all honest workmen now but formerly thieves, ruffians, bandits, and murderers.

Fingers which formerly wielded clasp-knives and other weapons with deadly skill have now turned to building stables for their live stock from the stones of the ruined monastery walls. Woodworking shops have been built by these children which fill, among other important orders, the yearly consignment of 10,000 wooden cases for the coal mines at Donetz. The 70 hectares of land about the monastery have been transformed into a model farm which brings forth Duchesse pears and the world-famous Ukraine wheat. There are beautiful flower gardens and artificial ponds which breed fat carp.

The members of this colony are self-supporting. They bake, cook, launder, make all their own clothing, their own wagons and harness, assume charge of their electrical plants, motion-picture and radio apparatus. Some of them run away, but most of them come back. Many have returned to normal social life, filling responsible positions.

Another interesting experiment in making these homeless orphans over into useful citizens is to be seen at "Children's Town" in Odessa where a great children's commune has been established with a total population of 2100. It is an attractive town with charming cottages nestled under shade trees in the midst of blooming flower gardens. These children sow and till an irrigated truck farm of 27 hectares; 200 other children work on a 1200-acre farm under the supervision of an agronomist.

The town is also self-governed by an Executive Committee and every cottage has its own council or soviet. It receives an annual revenue of 25,000 roubles from its various enterprises.

Many homeless children gathered from the streets have been lodged in four "labor communes" organized under the Commissariat of Labor and located at Rostov-on-the Don, Orel, Saratov, and Starri-Cherkassk. At present they contain more than 6500 children over sixteen years of age. All work at trades; each commune is self-governed. Other bezprizorni have been adopted by individual families, by workers' groups, peasant collectives, and state farms.

The most extreme cases of these Russian "wild children" have been placed in specially established reform schools, the most famous of which are those established by the OGPU—the secret police of Russia. After considerable effort to win the confidence of these young lawbreakers, who resisted order and discipline with hand-made weapons, a commune was established at Liubertsi, where a foundation for re-educating these bezprizorni on a basis of labor-processes was laid. That was some years ago. Today these prison colonies have no bars or guards. The boys are paid for their labor at trade-union rates, have regular holidays, and after they have demonstrated a genuine desire to change their mode of life, become eligible for "graduation" and the restoration of full citizenship rights.

In America such a grave crisis has not yet come to pass, although a survey made public by Grace Abbott, Chief of the Children's Division, United States Department of Labor, shows the situation to be serious and one fraught with many unpleasant possibilities. Overtaxed communities, particularly in the South and Southwest, hardly able to take care of their own, are doing the best they can for these homeless children. But the best is seldom more than one or two meals of coffee, bread, and beans, a night's lodging and instructions to get out of town within twenty-four hours. And soon these communities say they will not be able to do even this, for their funds are almost exhausted.

But the army of the American bezprizorni continue their hope-killing march. Hitch-hiking when they can, many are killed or injured by hit-and-run drivers as they tramp the highways; many more are killed or seriously crippled while riding the freights, which must be boarded while the train is in motion, as all train yards are policed by armed men; others die from exposure.

Investigation reveals that the traditional hobo is not to be found in these ranks of starving youth. The majority come from substantial American homes. A goodly number are college trained, an even higher percentage are high-school graduates, and most of the others have had an eighth-grade schooling. Very few of them could be classified as habitual vagrants; almost none could be said to belong to the criminal classes. Under normal conditions the majority would be either in school or at work.

Day by day their situation grows more forlorn. Even part-time jobs are no longer to be had; local committees are saving them for their own citizens. So the homeless boy, unwilling to beg or steal, usually finds himself forced to stand in bread or soup lines with the prospect of spending the night in a municipal lodging house or a jail overrun with vermin.

Boys accustomed to the niceties of life go for days without taking off their clothes at night. They become unkempt and dirty. Too often they resort to the "jungles," where they are likely to meet criminals, fugitives from justice, and moral perverts. Here, too, it is easy to acquire the workless philosophy and pick up the knack of "getting by," which may distort their entire outlook upon life.

Several programs, national in scope,

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have been suggested, including federal aid to State charities and the advisability of rounding up all these homeless boys and putting them in the army. Men and women, known and respected in public life, appeared before Congress to plead their cause. But a Senate proposal made during the last "lame-duck" session to spend $22,000,000 during the next fiscal year in training 88,000 unemployed and homeless youths in Citizens' Military Training Camps was rejected by the House.

The most constructive suggestion to date is the one advanced some time ago by the Children's Bureau, which contains both preventive and protective measures. As part of the preventive program boys would be urged to remain at home and plans would be launched to bolster the morale of energetic boys discouraged by their inability to find employment. School hours would be extended and trade courses added wherever possible. Means would be found whereby school and other equipment, including gymnasiums, could be used during the evening. Recreational and vocational activities could be increased.

A few months back some of the California counties established camps where forestry operations were carried on in a really constructive effort to cope with the influx of homeless boys from all over the country. Other States could easily carry on similar projects, drawing from their own unemployed many men and boys of imagination and leadership to whom much of the development of the project might be intrusted. Abandoned farm areas might be reforested. Agricultural projects might be encouraged, with subsistence for cooperative units in view which would not only hold the interest of the boys and young men but hold them at home.

As part of the protective program included in this same corrective measure for boys who find themselves stranded on the road, there should be adequate provision made for shelter and food of acceptable standards, opportunities for registration and interviews, with a definite training program for those who cannot be sent home and who should not be passed on with only twenty-four hours to get out of town.

These 200,000 children wandering about the United States should not be allowed to stagger along unaided.

THE AUTHORS AND POLITICS

By Paul Rosenfeld

It would be unsurprising to hear that people who believe that the artist has a prophetic rôle to play in society, and that the forces of life have entrusted him with the sponsorship of certain attitudes toward the world important to the race, are for the present moment somewhat bored with the American author. The manner in which a number of his representatives lately have entered the political field and demonstrated their readiness for corporative political action might easily provide a very good reason for this disgust. Little in the activities of these writers has demonstrated either responsibility toward, or consciousness of, the particular interests entrusted to the artist's care and advocacy. This is as unfortunately true of the conduct of the large body of writers who took the sensational swing to the left constituting the latest of the movements which of late years have been sweeping American artists and intellectuals underneath a partisan flag and into the arms of a dogma, as of that of the smaller number who identified the cause of the artist, with, say, that of the Republican Party. Propaganda for orthodox Marxianism, demonstrations for the disinherited of American society in conjunction with communistic Labor defense organizations, signature of communistic manifestoes to the intellectuals and oratory at Foster and Ford rallies, scarcely a whit less than the similar support of Hoover or Roosevelt or Thomas, represented by their manner a blind abandonment of the historic cause and faith and object, that have always been the artist's.

It never has been, and it never will be the function of the artist to espouse the cause of "the world" and to defend its special interests. These special interests have everlastingly been those of power and of booty; and it is precisely with the matter of in whose hands the power, the booty, the property should lie, and whether they best belong in those of certain individuals, or in those of a certain class, or in those of the community as a whole, that the artist has no serious concern whatsoever. His concern is not with possessions, but with the uses of things, indeed with a particular use of them; nor does it matter to him who owns or has or holds, and only how material is had and held, and in what spirit. What he naturally champions is something the world is not interested in: the use and administration of material possessions in sympathy with "vision."

Vision of what? Vision of "life" itself, the mysterious forces which lie in and about and beneath and behind things, the "something" forever beautifully expressing itself in them; the "divine" known to man in his moments of spontaneity, and felt by him through free contact with other individuals and objects. For the artist is himself formed by things to receive his greatest gratifications not through having, or holding, but through feeling life, the divine; the basic forces of the universe. They themselves, these forces, are perpetually declaring themselves to him through people and their lives, and through inanimate material itself: inspiring him with awe, or wonder; and inspiring him with the desire to represent them. For, wonderful or ghastly, godlike or cruel, they *are;* above all, vision of them brings the visionary into touch not only with the immediate instruments of his revelation, but with other men, and the whole world. Where they appear and are felt and known, there is no longer an "I" and a "thou." There is only something wonderful working itself out in all men and things. There is only a "we": perhaps an "It." And if the artist seeks through manipulation of material to bring to light that which he has felt in his moment of vision, it is largely for the sake of fully understanding that which has been revealed

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to himself and making all men see and recognize the truth: but most of all, to move people toward him in the spirit in which he himself has been moved toward them.

For the most part, the artist's struggle aims at, and ends with, the representation and the social acceptance of the thing which he has "seen." But, as we have said above, he will actively champion from time to time the general administration of material possessions in sympathy with and in the interests of vision itself. That is, he will become the impassioned advocate of things produced out of feeling: things having the quality of life and awakening feeling and bringing men into touch with its divine source and object. Then, like Ruskin and Morris and Stieglitz, he becomes the prophetic protester against the abuse of the machine prevalent in the industrialized world: the abuse that has filled the earth with things made not with feeling, but in a cheap materialistic and commercial spirit; for the purpose of sales or the gratification of sheerly materialistic desires; and tending to separate men both from the source of vision rendered accessible through objects having the quality of life, and from one another.

It is their apparent indifference to or ignorance of the historic cause of the artist, displayed by the manner in which they have recently become practically demonstrative, that constitutes the basis of an almost inevitable dissatisfaction with the embattled authors. With few exceptions they have been playing not the hand of the artist, and taking his prophetic rôle, and confessing his feelings and lights, and standing for the right of the workers to do good jobs and for the administration of property for the purpose of vision; but, strictly speaking, helping the world to go about its beautiful business. In other words, instead of fighting the country's already overdeveloped tendency to see in the acquisition of material possessions the chief end of life, they have to all purposes been trying to identify the cause of literature and art with materialistic desires; and they have actually flattered more than mortified them. Strange as the statement may appear, it is quite as true of the authors who have joined the American Communist party as fellow travellers, and found a master-idea in the economic struggles of the time, as of those Tories like Paul Elmer More who have declared the rights of private property more sacred than those of human life. On the surface, the contrary would appear to be the case. The ideal of the state socialists with whom an important number of influential writers have allied themselves is an America moved not by the desire for private profits and personal advantages, but those of a rich corporate existence and spiritual growth. Thus, the adhesion of these scribes to a party making for state capitalism and the abolition of the opportunities for private profits and large acquisitions of property would at a first glance appear to advance the artist's cause; for, so it might seem to the naïve observer, a society deprived of opportunities for private profits and material acquisitions would inevitably, spontaneously transform its materialistic attitude toward things into a living one.

But only the very naïve observer can long be deceived by this argument. The form of society is not entirely distinguishable from the form of the human psyche, no matter how great the constraint it sometimes exercises upon it may prove. And if at present we have a predominantly acquisitive and materialistic society, it is for the simple reasons that the human psyche, in particular that of the Caucasian race, is strongly acquisitive and materialistic and that the artists have not spoken loudly enough. As we have said, the world, and in particular our world, has always hankered after power and booty. Certainly, your orthodox Marxian would be ready to agree to this verdict, no less than your aristocratic and pessimistic Spenglerian. In the words of a clever contemporary, the Marxist conceives of the human being as a large intestine in search of food, and sees in all his movements the work of purely economic interests and material forces. Hence, the change from private to state capitalism might change the forms under which property was held. But it would only by accident change the whole attitude toward materials, and make out of a community rapacious for possessions and sold on prosperity, one interested in the material thing principally for the spiritual depth made possible by it. The change to state capitalism in Russia certainly has not brought about this alteration. And we have had the opportunty to observe that experiment for almost fifteen years.

Nor do the manifestoes of the American Communist party exhibit any eagerness or any intention of bringing that change about in this country. On the contrary the party's aim appears to be chiefly the nationalization of industry and the distribution of the means of life over the population considered as a whole; a not at all unrespectable objective, particularly when viewed in the light of the immediate painful needs of a vast part of our people. But of any quarrel with the whole blindly wasteful tendency of American life, its multiplication of dead possessions and its fetish-worship directed toward the bourgeois comforts, one finds no trace; and one is left with the strong impression that what these self-styled revolutionaries (for all their talk about a proletarian society and their championship of the have-nots and the disinherited) actually want, is a very generalized access to bourgeois comfort, and what in the end comes to cars, silk stockings, and radio sets for all. Nowhere do we find the expression of a desire for the right to the good and the sincere job, or any indications of the social necessity of a living use of materials. The appeal for support is invariably directed toward those who have not and either need to have or want to have. There is no sign that, if our communists were put in possession of the country, they would be dissatisfied with a universally extended replica of the high standard of living society which we had during the reign of good king Cal; or that the ideal of a society of individuals having no property-stakes and living largely for the growth of the sense of life itself, or religiously moved by the common life in all things, is really any more agreeable to them than it is for their blood-brothers the largely denounced capitalists. All their talk is revolution; the necessity of revolution for the sake of saving society; the necessity of inculcating class hatred for the sake of society, etc. But a change in the spirit itself of life, for the sake of making the race deeper, seems to be the last thing they actually desire.

Nor is there any evidence that the authors themselves have striven to win

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the communist leaders and their party to the side of artistic workmanship as opposed to cheap and feelingless production; or told their new allies that material comfort and leisure and security alone do not constitute an ideal worthy of human struggle, or offer anything profoundly satisfactory to either the classes or the masses. On the contrary, we have observed a sort of competition among writers as to which could most quickly reconcile himself with the philistinism which the communist party shares with every other party; and put on the whole tin armor of Marx; and find that property is the centre of life and all forces which sway man are really economic and materialistic; and that the great work of art is primarily a form of advertisement of the ideas favorable to the material tenure of the propertied classes; and that socialist Russia represents the first human community. Possibly in private circles the support of the left was interpreted as the support of culture and artistic workmanship. But we have yet to find evidence showing that any effort to force the "class-conscious" workers to any recognition of these values or pledge of fidelity to them, was seriously made. Certainly, the pamphlet *Culture and the Crisis,* signed by several scores of intellectuals and addressed to "writers, artists, teachers, physicians, engineers, scientists and other professional workers of America" was very outspoken about the evils of capitalism, the inevitability of an alliance between the manual and intellectual workers, the necessity for state unemployment insurance, a military struggle against wage cuts, emergency relief for farmers, self-determination for the black belt, a union against capitalist terror and for the defense of the Chinese people; in fact about everything except the meaning of the word "culture." One is obliged to feel that it was identified with the high standard of living and shoddy and mechanical production. Nor at the Cooper Union demonstration did any of the writers who spoke for Foster and Ford arise to speak for the life-quality in expressions to damn the world and its interests to hell, or to say that a revolution which did not aim to make people feel alive again was unworthy of the name. True, one speaker did say that if the artists would have to go to the people for light, the people would in its turn have to share the artist's discipline and vision. But what that vision was of, was not spoken; and probably only a very few of the vaguely disaffected audience grasped that the orator was all-cautiously referring to the subject of the artist's special interest.

It will be said that the political mobilization of the authors was responsive to a very material crisis and caused by the desire to help alleviate an almost universal distress; and that the material concerns naturally took precedence of the others in their minds. But other than material concerns did figure in their minds. At the time that President Hoover refused to receive the authors representing the bonus-marchers, the writers who signed the manifesto condemning the Executive showed almost as great a sensitiveness to the fact of the rebuff of themselves as writers, as to the treatment of the miserable army. At the Cooper Union rally, organized by the intellectuals favorable to Foster and Ford, one heard capitalism condemned as the enemy of poetry, and made responsible for the suicide of Hart Crane. And there is no doubt that if they had wished to represent feeling as opposed to having at the communist rallies, they would have been permitted to do so; for their assistance was greatly desired. In spite of Marxian dogma, the revolutionaries know that their cause is best advanced by the permeation of society with ideas favorable to the revolutionary movement; and the authors were in a position to dictate terms. But not one seems to have realized that he had something special to champion and quite as necessary to survival as the right to eat.

If one keenly feels this abandonment of the artist's cause by these politically active authors, it is not because one necessarily thinks that the desire for a certain universal material welfare is an evil; or that the cause of, say, collectively held wealth is inhuman and unintelligent. From certain points of view, it may be quite human and quite intelligent. But there will always be a thousand men to fight the world's battles over power and property for one who will fight the battles of living use of materials. If the communist cause needed the authors, how much more did the cause of sincere work, and the sense of life itself, and feeling as opposed to having, require them! There was no reason why they could not have balanced the two, for they are by no means irreconcilable. It is even probable that without some reconciling sense of a divinity in the world and in men and things, there can be no real participation in a common life, no spontaneous voluntary and enthusiastic co-operation between men and men and men and things for the sake of growth itself; and nothing more inspiring than a kind of new institutionalism. And the sense of the divinity of the life shared by all, the mystic's vision, few besides the artist possess, these days, or have to give!

Thus, from every angle one must regret the want of a body of American writers who truly believe in the artist in themselves and his particular feeling and object; and remain constant to it and unwilling utterly to abandon it for the interests and objects of the world, no matter how legitimate these may appear to them. That the stand of the author loyal to that which his experience has made him feel: the insufficiency of material comfort divorced from spiritual satisfactions; the sterility of work that does not satisfy some immaterial need very deep in the human being;—that his stand, particularly in these panicky years, will be a lonely and difficult one, is not to be denied. But then, it has never been a popular one. And America has not been the first land to believe that, made economically secure and comfortable, life will automatically grow blessed. Perhaps the artist's stand has even been a lost one from the beginning, and his ideal of a society moved by the desire for consciousness itself, and freed from absorption in material ends, is incapable of realization in the world. Perhaps the world is destined ever to belong in one form or another to the stupid: and it is quite as possible to be stupid for the community as for oneself and one's dependents. But that is the world's misfortune. And it is the artist's business to tell it so.

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AS I LIKE IT – *William Lyon Phelps*

The only man in the world who can talk professionally with Einstein and also with Shaw is Archibald Henderson, Professor of Mathematics in the University of North Carolina, author of a long list of works in literary criticism. In 1911 he published a biography of G. B. S., "George Bernard Shaw, His Life and Work," and now within the last few months has appeared "Bernard Shaw, Playboy and Prophet," shorter than the preceding work only in the title. This volume, which has been authorized by its hero, fills 872 pages, has 120 illustrations, an analytical index of 39 pages, and many letters and other documents of the highest importance.

Just as few men have the opportunity to behold solid statues of themselves (Ibsen and Björnson were exceptions), so few men have ever turned the pages of a biography so prodigious as this. There are more effigies than statues, more burlesques than biographies. In news value, Mr. Shaw is champion of the world. From obscurity and poverty, he has reached the pinnacle, and not even Victor Hugo more keenly enjoyed eminence. The world is right in paying homage to genius and in forgiving—if forgiveness is not an impertinence—anything and everything. Nobody cares whether Mr. Shaw is a communist or an atheist or a Presbyterian. He is really a monopolist; an intellectual capitalist, paying himself enormous and regular dividends out of his speculations. We cannot get along without him and when he is gone, the world will seem duller.

The fatal error made by Henry Arthur Jones was in believing that America did not take the "menace" of Shaw's subversive ideas with sufficient seriousness. The only result of Mr. Jones's patriotic efforts was that he lost his health. America has always taken Shaw's *genius* seriously; we gladly surrender to his compelling charm as a writer; but as to his "views," who cares? For one person who has read through "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism," there are 50,000 who have read "Candida," "Cæsar and Cleopatra," and "Saint Joan." I can think of no genius, living or dead, who has hypnotized so many readers by his imagination and affected so few by his arguments.

There is another side to Shaw not often enough emphasized—his kindness. All who know him well are agreed on this. I have heard testimony from persons who hold the most divergent views on his opinions; he must have performed innumerable acts of generosity.

Professor Henderson's book will be used for many years to come by those who study the history of English drama; and as some reviewers, while admitting the value of the material, have thought fit to speak with some disparagement or patronage of the man who collected it, possibly because the biographer has not all the literary skill of his hero, I should like to say a good word for the excellence of the book itself. I open at random:

> Archer, Walkley, and Shaw were the Three Musketeers who manned the barricades of English drama criticism in the nineties. Archer and Shaw were friends of long standing, and were constantly thrown together. Walkley and Shaw were spoken of by Barrie as "bearded ruffians disguised as initials"; and he demanded in a spirit of fair play, to enable him to see what they were up to, that they "shave their beards and come out into the open." They were constantly chaffing each other, poking fun at the others' standards of dramatic art. Shaw declared that, in the theatre, Archer was like a "child in fairyland who has never learnt to live in the world, and who resents the intrusion of moral problems as angrily as it joyfully welcomes the advent of poetic glamor." On the other hand Archer constantly asserted that Shaw had no real love of art, no enjoyment of it, only a faculty for observing performances, and an interest in the intellectual tendency of plays. To Archer the theatre was an enchanted palace, to Walkley an amusement booth, to Shaw a house of correction. To Archer the drama was a mirror of life, to Walkley a game with rules, to Shaw an interpretation of the mirror's haphazards. To Archer drama criticism was a campaign, to Walkley a sport, to Shaw a crusade.

The tenth volume of the invaluable "Dictionary of American Biography" extends from *Jasper* to *Larkin*. The most famous American in the book is Thomas Jefferson, who occupies 37 columns. Selecting a few names out of the vast number, how many of the following do you instantly recognize? Jay, Joseph Jefferson, Tudor Jenks, Chauncey Jerome, M. R. Jesup, Marshall Jewell, Sarah Orne Jewett, Allen Johnson, Reverdy Johnson, Samuel Johnson, Tom Johnson, A. S. Johnston, Alexander Johnston, R. M. Johnston, John Paul Jones, David S. Jordan, R. Joseffy, A. Judson, H. P. Judson, E. Kane, D. Kearney, S. W. Kearny, Laura Keene, T. W. Keene, Robert P. Keep, Samuel Keimer, Benjamin Keith, Sir William Keith, Clara L. Kellogg, Elijah Kellogg, Mike Kelly, William Kelly, Amos Kendall, George Kennan, W. S. Kennedy, James Kent, F. Keppel, V. Kester, Francis Scott Key, Capt. William Kidd, W. W. Kimball, Clarence King, Grace King, Horatio King, Rufus King, T. S. King, J. Kingsley, W. I. Kip, S. Kirkland, Claude Kitchin, Charles Klein, V. W. L. Knabe, Henry Knox, P. C. Knox, G. Kobbé, H. H. Kohlsaat, Kosciuszko, H. E. Krehbiel, G. T. Ladd, J. La Farge, Lafayette, William M. Laffan, Jean Laffite, R. M. La-Follette, J. R. Lamar, F. K. Lane, J. H. Lane, C. C. Langdell, S. P. Langley, Sidney Lanier, Robert Lansing.

What do these names mean to you? And as my selected list contains only a minute proportion of all the names thought worthy of inclusion, you can see how extensive a field the work covers.

"Masterpieces of the Russian Drama," edited and largely translated by Professor George Rapall Noyes of the University of California, is the first collection of plays in English that illustrate the entire field of Russian dramatic literature. This volume contains over 900 pages (*not* in double column) and gives in full twelve plays, with a general introduction by the editor. The Russian genius in literature is expressed more nobly in the novel than in the drama; but toward the latter years of the nineteenth century, when the theatre, owing largely to the influence of Ibsen, began to dominate the world, the literary men, Tolstoi, Chekhov, Gorki, Andreev, became playwrights. The best essay I ever read on the Russian Drama was by the late George Calderon, in his introduction to "Two Plays by Tchekhof." We know now that Chekhov is one of the world's great dramatists, that Gorki

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wrote one masterpiece, Tolstoi one good tragedy and one good comedy. The best-constructed and in some ways most diverting comedy in Russian appeared in 1837; it is "Revizor" (here translated as "The Inspector") by Gogol, and it will be popular and pertinent until political corruption becomes obsolete; it was first played in English by the students of Yale. If the masterpiece of Russian drama is "The Cherry Orchard" by Chekhov, we should also remember that it was first translated into English by the late Doctor Max Mandell, of Yale. Turgenev's supremacy in the art of the novel is well-established; but when a few years ago Doctor Mandell translated all his plays into English, the New York Theatre Guild was emboldened to produce "A Month in the Country," the success of which proved once more that we cannot judge the effect of a play merely by reading it.

Another important anthology is by the indefatigable (intended as a compliment) Barrett H. Clark, whose two volumes, "World Drama — Ancient Greece, Rome, India, China, Japan, Mediæval Europe, and England," fill more than 1300 pages, and in the language of the editor, "constitute a collection that is the first of its kind in English to offer a panoramic view of the dramatic achievement of the world from the earliest epoch of which any record exists to the beginning of the contemporary drama — which means the first of the modern plays of Ibsen." I, *moi qui parle,* have seen the birth and growth of drama collections. When I first began to teach the Elizabethan Drama in 1894, the difficulty was to find available texts. Then came Manly, Neilson, and others in rapid succession; but when I began to teach Contemporary Drama in 1902, the difficulty again was to find texts. Today I possess twenty-five or thirty volumes of Collected Plays. The two things that seem to me most notable in the teaching of literature during the last forty years are first, the emphasis placed on the drama, and second, the respect paid to current authors.

Finally an anthology of youth: "Younger Poets, an Anthology of American Secondary School Verse," edited by Nellie B. Sergent, an Instructor in Evander Childs High School, New York. All the States in the Union, and Alaska and Hawaii, are represented. Now let us hope that two or three of these boys or girls will become famous; in which case this volume will eventually be sought after by collectors.

Stephen Leacock's biography of Mark Twain is as sensible as it is readable; it would have been even better had he known that Bernard De Voto's "Mark Twain's America" was in press. Mr. Leacock draws a shrewd distinction between Samuel L. Clemens and Mark Twain; the former was a great citizen, hating injustice, loving democracy, admiring Joan of Arc, believing that Shakespeare's plays were written by somebody else, obsessed with Christian Science, speculating in vain attempts to make millions; the latter is one of the immortal humorists. Mr. Leacock is the only true-born Briton who loves "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," and rightly believes it belongs among the most characteristic productions of its author. I am rather surprised he does not include "Pudd'nhead Wilson" among the major works. Speaking of Mark Twain's being forced to give public lectures and perhaps remembering the thousands he has given himself, Mr. Leacock makes a disparaging remark about lecturing, implying that every sensible lecturer hates public speaking. Now I may not be sensible, but I find in public lecturing an ecstasy; I love it with the same passion that a painter feels in painting. I have heard many lecturers (not Mr. Leacock) make fun of their audiences, and ridicule those who pay them for speaking. Talk of biting the hand, etc. I have tremendous respect for all those men and women, living and dead, who have paid real money and faced winter weather to hear me speak. They deserve and receive the best I can give them on the platform, and my respect and affection then and ever after.

Leonard Ehrlich's "God's Angry Man" is an excellent biographical novel on the sensational John Brown. No subject is better adapted for imaginative treatment. Mr. Ehrlich calls his book a novel, but it is closer to a biography than many works bearing that dignified name. To see how differently contemporaries regarded John Brown, it is interesting to remember that Emerson said his death had made the gallows as memorable as the cross, while Hawthorne said Brown was a blood-stained fanatic, and that there was a certain intellectual satisfaction in seeing him hanged. Mr. Ehrlich is going to treat other famous Americans as the subjects of further novels.

Carl Sandburg, whose biography of Lincoln, "The Prairie Years" from 1809 to 1861, is the best of all I have read, has produced a highly interesting one-volume biography of Mrs. Lincoln. In this book, "Mary Lincoln," Mr. Sandburg, with rare sympathy and tenderness, has told the story of that strange woman. It is a fine portrait.

In "The Bulpington of Blup," a good phrase to discover if quondam stutterers and stammerers are honestly cured, H. G. Wells goes back to his earlier manner, and gives us a "life" novel. It is the best book he has written in some years, but not so good as "Tono-Bungay," "Kipps," etc. The most charming and diverting novel he ever wrote is still "The Wheels of Chance" (1896). Sex is not the only thing discussed in "Blup," but it is a major study. How fortunate it is that men and women are so much better in life than they are in fiction! What a false idea of actual human beings on earth would be obtained by a Martian if his knowledge of us came to him only through books!

The late Emerson Gifford Taylor, whose admirable biography of Paul Revere was reviewed in this column, completed before his death the Life of General Gouverneur Kemble Warren, which is now published; a handsome volume of 248 pages. General Warren was a Union officer in the Civil War, and owing to his outspokenness, he was in 1865 removed from the command of the Fifth Army Corps. He devoted the rest of his life to continuous efforts to remove this stain upon his name; finally President Hayes ordered a court of inquiry, and after three years, in 1882, his reputation was cleared. He had then been dead three months. Colonel Taylor tells the story of his life and his career, and publishes many important and highly interesting letters. I hope the British military authorities, who have within the last ten years shown such interest in the American Civil

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War, will see this book. I know nothing about military tactics, and any comment of mine would be an impertinence; but here is an important volume in American history.

"The Secret of Laughter," by Anthony M. Ludovici, is not funny at all, and, now that the book is published, is no longer a secret. The author dislikes humor and regards laughter as sinister —"showing teeth." But dogs do that when they love you and are glad to see you; and perhaps the absence of evil in laughter was never more pleasantly shown than when Gareth was unhorsed by Lancelot.

I suppose the incipient smile on the face of "The Laughing Cavalier" may be sinister; but in poetry there is no more beautiful picture of a laughing face than in the lyric by Campion:

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows
They look like rose-buds filled with snow.
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

James Truslow Adams has written a biography "Henry Adams," in gorgeously huge type, which is a digest of the famous "Education." It gives in comparatively few words a portrait of that austere scholar. I was told that once a Harvard student came to the desk and stated that the last examination set by Mr. Adams was the d—dest he had ever seen. "The next exam," replied Mr. Adams, "will be the G—d—dest." I am quite willing to believe this.

An attractive reprint of a most interesting book is "Anecdotes of Samuel Johnson" by Mrs. Piozzi, edited by S. C. Roberts. An ideal bed-book.

Mary Dixon Thayer has added to her already enviable reputation by "Sonnets," a volume containing thirty-nine. They vary in value, but the best are excellent.

"Candelabra," a volume of selected essays and lectures by John Galsworthy, comes to us with heightened interest. They reveal the beauty of his character as well as the keenness of his intellect. They deal with drama, fiction, international relations, reminiscences of Conrad, and the last of the eighteen papers is "The Creation of Character in Literature," the Romanes lecture at Oxford, published separately in 1931. Perhaps the most interesting of all the essays are the two called "Six Novelists in Profile" and "Four More Novelists in Profile." The ten are Dickens, Turgenev, Maupassant, Tolstoi, Conrad, France, Dumas, Chekhov, Stevenson, Hudson.

Those authors, aged twenty-two, who believe themselves to be important, should read what Mr. Galsworthy wrote on page 249: "I began to read Dumas when I was twenty-five, a callow youth upon my travels."

Albert H. Atterbury, of New York, calls my attention to a curious error made by Shelley in his translation of the "Walpurgis Nacht" in "Faust."

Goethe makes the Pedler-Witch say:

"Look carefully at my wares; I have all sorts of things. But there is nothing in my pack which has not brought dire harm to some human being. There is not a dagger which has not drawn blood, not a chalice from which some innocent person has not drunk poison, not a jewel, which has not been the price of a woman's honor, not a sword which has not treacherously stabbed some honorable man in the back."

The meaning is that everything she offers has wrought evil in the life of mankind.

Shelley translates it:

"In my bundle
There is no dagger drunk with blood; no bowl
From which consuming poison may be drained
By innocent and healthy lips; no jewel,
The price of an abandoned maiden's shame,
No sword which cuts the bond it cannot loose,
Or stabs the wearer's body in the back!"

and by omitting the second negative he entirely misses the meaning of the original—at least so it seems to me.

And talking of translations of Faust, why do they all persist in using rhyme? English tragedy always employs blank verse, and it seems to me far more appropriate. Compare the majesty of Shelley's translation with any of those made in rhyme.

From William H. Anderson of Los Angeles:

I then noted, as you say you noted, that the answer to "How great was Edwin Booth?" "in the latter part of his years . . . would depend upon just how the actor was feeling on the particular night when you happened to be present." My experience in this behalf, however, was seeing him as Iago—once when he walked through it with utter indifference, and once when he played it as no other actor I have ever seen in the part could play it.

Curiously your and my opinion in this regard finds confirmation in what about that time was said by the great theatrical critic, William Winter (whom I had the privilege of knowing quite well in his later years). Winter, in a little paragraph pasted in one of my old scrap books, taken from what publication I do not now recall, speaking of the public in regard to the Booth and Barrett series: "It can go to see Booth and Barrett safely, and take its daughters. It has the plea of classic literature and the authority of dramatic art. It will not be offended, or shocked, or abashed. If Mr. Booth is not in his best condition it will still be interested; if he *is* it will be delighted. It will come away in either case with a conviction that Booth *can* act when he wants to, and that Mr. Barrett always wants to."

One of our most prominent columnists, Mr. Otheman Stevens, of the Los Angeles *Examiner*, who is also one of the oldest and most experienced newspaper men of our city, is endeavoring to work up some kind of proper recognition of Booth's centenary here in Los Angeles among the great troop of actors now located here. I hope that he succeeds.

From Professor John N. Ware, of Rome, Ga.:

. . . You say you have never heard a cultivated American use "expect" for suppose. *Fi donc!* Leaving aside the question of whether the writer is cultivated (it is a matter of definition after all), there are thousands of cultivated Americans who use it all the time, for the compelling reason that it is pure English and as such, used by cultivated people all over the South. . . .

You see we Southerners and especially we Virginians speak very frequently a language that seems colloquial to people from other parts of the country because we are still using English English in many cases. Our Northern friends always laugh at us when we speak of "carrying" instead of "escorting," but it is the common usage among cultivated Englishmen. Tote is a perfectly good word, and there are many others.

Now, honestly, Dr. Phelps, CAN'T you remember a single "expect" from cultivated people? Anyhow, keep on the lookout from now on, and see if you don't run across some. I expect you will find a lot of them. Come down to Virginia for a visit, just drop in anywhere, we will be glad to have you, and I expect you will hear that word at least ten times a day from every Virginian, from the niggers right along up to the professor of English at every college in the state.

It is with sorrow I record the death of William Giles Kingsland, of London, who if he had lived a few days longer would have been eighty-six. It was he who while Browning was alive wrote a book called "Browning, the Chief Poet of the Age," which led to an intimate friendship with the poet. I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Kingsland at the Robert Browning Settlement in London in 1928.

"The Two Undertakers" by Francis Beeding and "Ben Sees it Through" by J. J. Farjeon are hair-raising thrillers. It is easy to see why the best thrillers are

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popular; they are not sexy and they are not dull.

My favorite novelist is Dickens; the single most impressive novel I ever read is "Anna Karenina" by Tolstoi; the most powerful novel dealing with the quarrel between the older and the younger generation is "Fathers and Children" by Turgenev; the best story, considered exclusively as story, is "The Three Musketeers" by Dumas.

It is interesting to observe how many novels owe their success and their permanence to the representations of *friendships between men*. Here is one of the most beautiful and gracious of all human things, so fearfully exciting and so wholly free from sultriness. "The Three Musketeers," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Trilby," "Beau Geste," "The Last of the Mohicans," "Pickwick Papers," and many others.

The FANO CLUB adds to its membership S. Hagard Gillespie, Jr., Yale 1932, and Adrian Van Sinderen, Jr., who will enter Yale later. They found the painting back in the church, where it belongs, and saw it on Valentine's Day. Curiously enough, the two Yale classmates Bill and Sam Gillespie (no relation) were both coxswains of the Yale Crew and are now both enrolled in the Fano Club.

The annual dinner of the Fano Club will be held at 110 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, on May 7, at seven-thirty, daylight saving time.

The F. Q. Club is enriched by the addition of Catherine Weysfield of Hunter College, New York. Her letter announcing the completion of Spenser's entire works is worthy of the poet himself.

NEW BOOKS MENTIONED WITH NAMES OF PUBLISHERS

Those marked with an asterisk are recommended for use by reading clubs.

*"Bernard Shaw, Playboy and Prophet," by Archibald Henderson. Appleton. $7.50.
"Dictionary of American Biography," Vol. X. Scribners.
*"Masterpieces of the Russian Drama," ed. by G. R. Noyes. Appleton. $7.50.
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BIRD SONG

By Witter Bynner

THERE is another thing
Than men arrange:
There is a linnet's wing.
There's nothing strange

In flying over trees
And hovering down.
This is worth all of these
Ways of renown.

For this is everything,
For this is rest:
This is a linnet's wing,
A linnet's breast.

The night has come again—
And morning sun.
I hear the feet of men
Go one by one.

I see new petals turn
Outward and flower.
Why will I never learn
To bide the hour?

Why will I wish to grow
Beyond my girth?
Why will I never know
Love and the earth?

How easily a bird sits
In the morning light
And gathers all his wits
To end the night,

Toppling almost from the twig
With fullness of day!—
If I were half as big,
What I could say!

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